

# LITERARY SPECULUM.

ORIGINAL  
ESSAYS—POETRY—CRITICISM.

*Jucunda atque idonea dicere vita.*—HORACE.

15  
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### EDITOR'S COTERIE.

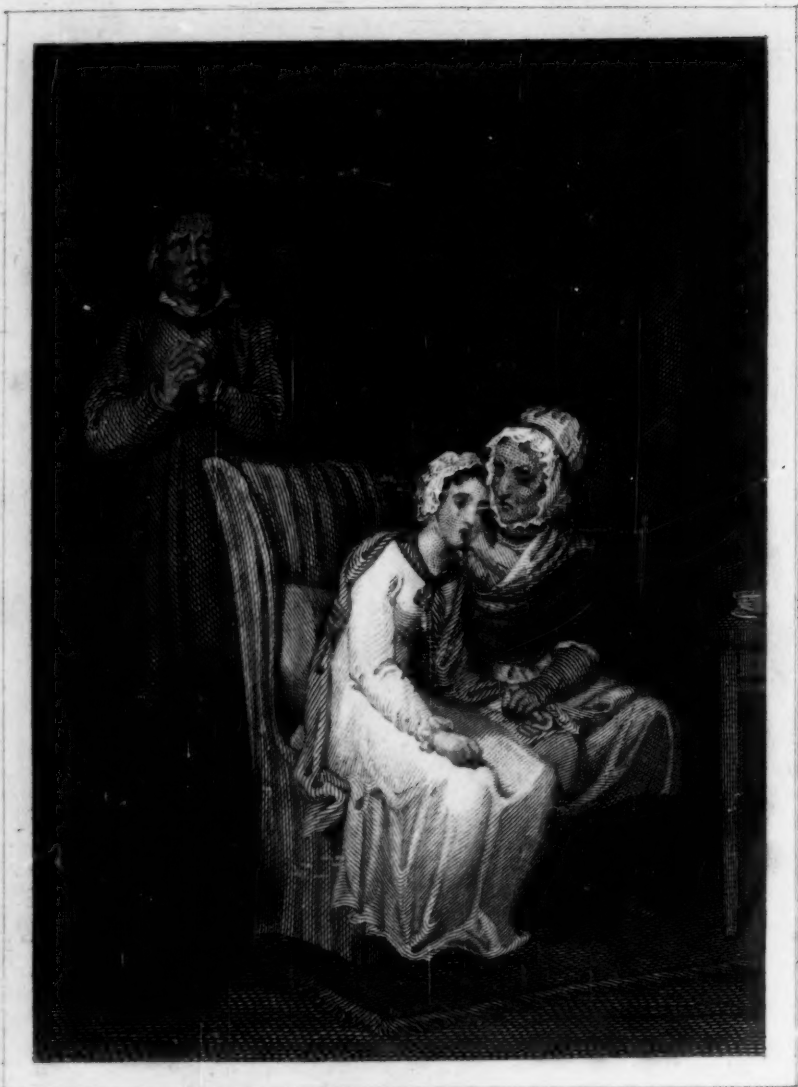
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Moore's *Loves of the Angels* and *The Liberal* will be reviewed in our next. We repeat our former notice, that works intended for review in the current Number must be sent before the 15th of the month.

F's favour came too late for insertion. It will probably appear in our next.

We have received a number of communications from anonymous correspondents; none of which appear suited to our work.





Painted by R. Westall R.A.

Engraved by R. Cooper.

### THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

"SHE NEVER MENTIONED HER LOVER'S NAME; BUT WOULD LAY HER  
HEAD ON HER MOTHER'S BOSOM, AND WEEP IN SILENCE."

*The Sketch Book.*

PUBLISHED JAN. 1823 BY T. RICHARDSON 98 HIGH HOLBORN.



# LITERARY SPECULUM.

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OBSERVATIONS ON SOME OF THE PAPERS IN THE  
"Sketch Book."

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## THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

THIS deeply affecting narrative is told with an air of simplicity and unostentatious pathos, which leaves an impression of its reality on the mind, that a mere fiction, however judiciously managed, could hardly be expected to produce. The English language abounds with successful instances of powerfully pathetic, descriptive compositions, which are wholly free from the inflation of style, so much aimed at by modern authors, and owe all their attraction to their unassuming yet effective simplicity. Steele and Addison, both in the Tatler and the Spectator, give frequent examples of this neglected species of literary excellence; indeed, the prose writers of Queen Anne's reign seemed to found their chief claim to distinction, on the quiet, even flow of diction, endeavouring to be eloquent in ideas rather than words, appealing to the "business and bosoms of men," and contenting themselves with expressing their meaning in plain, unaffected terms. Evelyn, who was an eye-witness to the great fire of London, gives an account of that horrible catastrophe, in his memoirs, and though there is not a tumid phrase in the whole narrative, it is written with so much force and genuine feeling, that the most careless reader cannot but be deeply moved and interested. Lord Clarendon's portraits of distinguished characters, in his History of the great Rebellion, are well known for

their vividness and truth of colouring ; so complete is the verisimilitude of his delineations, that the very beings he speaks of, rise before us in all the glow and warmth of life ; yet it would be impossible to select a sentence in his work, which betrays a higher regard for verbal glitter than for perspicuity and clearness of expression. We have all read De Foe's Robinson Crusoe ; it was a delightful companion in the nursery, and we can peruse it with pleasure at a more philosophical age. Now, the first merit of the book obviously is its extreme simplicity and unpretending straight forward style of narration. We are not told of the solitary sailor's fine, gentlemanly feelings or acute sensibilities—no, but we are made, as it were, the eye-witnesses of his sorrows and privations, we seem of his counsel when he projects substitutes for the conveniences of social life, we are interested in the success of all his schemes ; and when he starts in alarm at viewing the impression of a human foot on the sands, we participate for the moment in his natural apprehension, for we are men, and cannot but feel all the afflictions of our fellow-man. Gay's letter, describing the death of two lovers by lightning, is well known, and can scarcely be read without tears, yet its sole recommendation is a felicitous simplicity of detail, which induces us to identify ourselves with the suffering individuals, and lament their premature fate, as if it had befallen our own relatives or friends. The sermons of our best theological writers are successful on nearly the same principle, and the Scriptures are as much superior in this respect to all merely human literature, as they are in power and sublimity. Who can forget the beautiful simple history of Joseph, or the affecting story of Ruth and Naomi ? Or in the New Testament, who can help recollecting the awful unadornedness and energetic perspicuity of language in which the resurrection of Lazarus is narrated ? The author of the Sketch Book has often succeeded in his judicious imitation of these illustrious examples, and, perhaps, never more completely than in his exquisite little tale, the *Pride of the Village*. True, it is a love story, but how different from the thousand and one bombastical histories, which soothe the morbid taste of romance-delighting readers. All is plain, simple, and unaffected ; the heroine, the sweet, innocent, unsuspecting cottage maiden, does not appear on the scene adorned or rather disguised in unnatural and improbable graces ; she is not represented as an angel or a Peri, nor

does she warble Italian airs, or converse in the dead languages. When a novelist describes the lady he intends to torture through four volumes of bombastical prose, as possessing all the wisdom of Solomon or Friar Bacon, we very naturally feel comfortably indifferent about her disasters, on the ground that so all-knowing a woman cannot fail readily to extricate herself from every possible or impossible difficulty. But when we are told of a blooming country girl, full of hope and joy, feeling the interests of the moment with her whole heart, and thinking little of the morrow; we are prepared to sympathise in her sorrows, and look with anxiety to her future destiny. When we are told in the pompous key of romance, of the lordly lovers and scornful dames, who we previously know are to teaze each other through a quarto of a thousand pages, we regard the exhibition as coolly, though with far less amusement, than we should the adventures of Punch and his wife, as set forth in the everlasting street-peregrinating puppet-shew; but when in the tender tones of actual experience, we are made acquainted with some domestic tragedy, and are called upon to hallow with our tears the premature grave of beauty and innocence,—who that has an atom of humanity in his nature can resist its influence, or refrain to answer the heart-touching appeal? Leigh Hunt, who can write English and common sense, when he pleases to lay aside the vile affectation of saying paradoxical nothings in a mountebank language which nobody can understand, has, in the *Indicator*, a delicious little piece called the *Venetian Girl*, which I could never peruse dry-eyed; and the *Julia de Roubigné* of Mackenzie, must often have produced a similar effect on persons of more iron nerves than mine. We do not pause to reason or reflect on the cause of our emotions while tasting the sweet sadness which such productions occasion—no, we feel, and that is sufficient.

“ For if there be a human tear,  
From passion's drops refined and clear,  
A tear so gentle and so meek,  
It would not stain an angel's cheek,  
'Twas that which pity's eyelids shed  
On worth and beauty, cold and dead.”

The *Pride of the Village* will bear comparison with the most powerful efforts we have alluded to; the way in which the story is introduced is highly picturesque, and has besides a solemnity

and melancholy tenderness about it, which are perfectly irresistible. A funeral is always an affecting circumstance, but the procession to which our attention is called, issues from a remote country village,—the victim of death is a female, a young, lovely amiable girl, and she is the only child of her parents; but the weeping train of white-robed maidens passes away, and nothing remains to denote her early end, save a wreath of white roses, and a pair of gloves which she had lately worn, and which mournfully serve to commemorate by their unsullied purity the virtues of the youthful deceased. We are thus aware from the first, that the narrative is to terminate unhappily, yet this by no means diminishes the interest we feel in the plain unvarnished recital of domestic calamity. The incidents of the story are few and common-place, there is nothing to astonish or perplex—the events are those of every-day life, and our sensibilities are awakened by sufferings which form a part of our own inheritance. Few have passed through the world without experiencing in their bosoms disappointed hopes and baffled affections, few have had their draught of felicity unmingled with the bitterness of affliction, and none who have been taught the “rigid lore” of adversity can be indifferent to the tender simplicity which distinguishes and constitutes the primary excellence of this beautiful tale. The style throughout is extremely chaste, and though without studied ornament, abounds with natural spontaneous elegancies which arise from the subject, and find their way to the reader’s heart, when the more laboured graces of composition would entirely fail. A specimen or two of this felicity of expression may be given with propriety, but the *Sketch Book* has been too long before the public, and its merits are too generally appreciated, to require lengthy quotations. “She never mentioned her lover’s name, but would lay her head on her mother’s bosom and weep in silence.” In this brief passage we have a fine picture of passive, unresisting sorrow; of that helpless, hopeless brokenness of heart, which so soon brings the frail form of youthful loveliness to the dust of the tomb. There is no amplification, no tedious enumeration of particulars to excite commiseration, all is told in a single sentence. “She laid her head on her mother’s bosom and wept in silence.” The following passage too is exceedingly felicitous; I can fancy the pale, lovely being it describes, is passing before me, and in the perspective I trace out the humble sepulchre where she is soon to rest for ever. “As



the old people saw her approach, so wasted away, yet with a hectic bloom, and that hallowed air which melancholy diffuses round the form, they would make way for her, as for something spiritual, and looking after her, would shake their heads in gloomy forebodings." Writing like this carries its own eulogy along with it, and praise from an inferior pen is unnecessary, if not ridiculous. In an age, however, when composition has become almost as common as the mechanical process of forming and combining the letters of the alphabet, it can scarcely be deemed unprofitable to bring forward unexceptionable models, and recommend by example that purity of style, which in Johnson, Goldsmith, or Addison, commands our reverence, admiration, and applause. The author of the Sketch Book has trodden in their steps, not servilely but with the freedom of genius; and while many of our native writers have been lamentably remiss and careless in their style, while others have prided themselves on their elaborate no-meanings, and while some have mistaken incomprehensible bombast for sublimity, an American, whose qualifications for the task might have appeared problematical, has enriched the country of his ancestors with productions calculated to augment the literary reputation even of England. May his example be followed, and may he find many rivals in his honourable labours.

H.

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### Christmas.

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ALAS! for the cheerful December nights, when a spacious semicircle of laughing faces, in which one might easily trace a family resemblance, surrounded the blazing yule log, and reflected back its brightness; when present-making and junketting, snap-dragon and hunt the slipper, plum-puddings, solid sirloins, and above all, kisses under the misletoe, were in fashion! Alas! for the good old Christmas-keeping times, which modern refinement and affected politeness, are fast banishing from their favourite haunts, the snug family mansions of John Bull. There was something peculiarly delightful in having a portion of the year dedicated to the domestic deities, in consecrating its old age and its infancy to the interchange of kindly offices and the re-union

of friends. Habits and circumstances might separate brothers and sisters, parents and children, aunts and nephews, uncles and nieces during the eventful twelvemonth ; but ever as it wore to a close, a fairy vision of home sprung up in the imaginations of the youthful, and the dormant affections of early life were renewed in the hearts of the old as they looked forward to those moments of sinless hilarity and innocent enjoyment, when red-berried holly was to garnish every window, every table be loaded with christmas cates, and mirth and wisdom become synonymous terms. Blooming boys released from the monotony of school, their hearts expanding with every joyous and amiable feeling, anticipated with all the luxuriance of childish fancy, the mother's warm caress, and the father's unstinted generosity. Girls from ten to fifteen, fair as the Hebe of a poet's dream, bounded into the paternal mansion, and displayed their samplers with pardonable vanity, and laughed and prattled and were happy. The fond father would smooth the shining tresses of his dear little daughter, and kiss her red ripe lips, turn away to hide the tears of satisfied affection, then blowing his nasal organ, admire the cabbage roses of her table mats, commend her industry, and reward it with a fine new doll, and the promise of a good husband. The mother would eye her darling son from top to toe with such overflowings of tenderness as none but mothers can feel ; would praise his increasing stature and his manly air, call him her own brave boy, fill his pockets with sweetmeats, and give him the choice of a new year's gift. Then uncle Thomas would hobble in to gossip with his merry nieces, and prophesy which should be married soonest ; while aunt Mary leaped from her crutch at beholding her tall nephew, and declared him too big for the rocking horse she had purchased. Scenes of calm domestic pleasure like these, are ill exchanged for the heartless restraint and unmeaning solemnity of a modern vacation.

The festival of Christmas was a rallying point for all the best affections of our nature, amidst the noise and bustle of a world constantly fixing its attentions on the sordid pursuit of wealth ; much of boyish kindness and youthful eagerness of feeling might be lost, individuals who parted full of hope and expectation, and whose parting words were vows of eternal friendship, might have sobered down in the freezing commerce of life into mere ordinary, calculating, prudential, characters ; yet, as the

slumbering current of recollection, called into action by the invitation of some distant companion of early days, rushed on their bosoms, and excited anew their dormant sensibilities, they felt the unsophisticated pleasures of by-gone hours revive; they found themselves boys again, and could exclaim with the frankness of enthusiasm, "welcome merry Christmas!" Even to those, between whom and their early home fate interposed insurmountable obstacles, a letter from that time-hallowed spot, breathing a mother's love or a father's benediction, would communicate an exhilaration and joyousness of spirit, which to be understood must be experienced. It is a soul-soothing thing to know that though absent we are not forgotten—that our memories will be embalmed in the tenderness of recollection—for in these visions of unwithering affection we taste delight without one alloying drop of pain. We may never again press the familiar chair on which we have so often sate at the social table, where the kindling eyes of parental love beamed upon us; yet the venerable compound of mahogany and horse-hair will be kept vacant for our sakes, and as aunt or grand-mamma superintends its annual polishing, a tear may fall from her wrinkled cheek and stain its smooth surface. It is not the intrinsic value of the presents which pass between friends that gives them interest and dignity; no, a simple lock of hair may be more acceptable than a string of pearls, since one may acquire excellence from the affection of the giver, and the other be deteriorated by the coldness of the hand that bestows it. Hence the utility of an institution which calls forth in an equal degree the sympathies of both rich and poor, and affords to the humble peasant as favourable an opportunity of exercising his native benevolence, as to the purse proud master of the soil which he cultivates to obtain a subsistence. Christmas was wont to be the Saturnalia of the lower classes, for wealth and station were then expected to quit their stilts, and appear among their fellow men stripped of all artificial advantages. The land-holder feasted the tenantry whose industry was his riches; the massive oaken settle was covered with substantial English fare, stupendous plum-puddings and enormous joints of beef, while the brown October flowed freely from the well seasoned casks; and amongst those who partook of the treat, what was wanting in wit was made up in merriment.

I speak of an old English Christmas, as Ossian speaks of his heroes and their deeds,—it is a tale of the times that are past. A modern Christmas is celebrated with maimed rites; its best and most exhilarating enjoyments are falling fast into disuse. The spider weaves her web over the wassail bowl; the horn cup or the silver goblet is no longer supplied from its mirth provoking stream,—that abyss of merriment is dried up for ever. Mince pies are not entirely exploded, but they appear in fashionably small numbers, and the illustrious patriarchal plum pudding, whose ample rotundity darkened the centre of the dining table, is supplanted by a delicate, dwarfish, dandy shaped, compound of currants, eggs and flour, which seems contrived rather for a solitary luncheon than a family dinner. The Christmas carol too is no longer an harmonious harbinger of the season from which the name is derived; a trio of match girls scream their disjointed rhymes under our window, and wish their customers a happy new year, in tones sufficiently dismal for the announcement of a dying speech. The *waits* or *wakes*, (let etymology-hunters tell us which is the proper term,) are still left us, and the mellow harmony of the French horn, the mellifluous sweetness of the flute, the magically varied tones of the violin, and the merry strains of the flageolet, sometimes touch the portals of hearing which slumber has closed, like the soft inarticulate voice of the angel of dreams. I have lain on my pillow between sleep and consciousness, listening to the nocturnal concert, as if the harps of Paradise surrounded me, and the songs of spirits filled my ears. It is not so when the bellman at the witching hour warns the expecting cook wench of her approaching labours. I do not like to be waked by his discordant clapper; a bagpipe and a bell were always my aversion. The signs of our approximation to Christmas are still prominent enough to distinguish the season from all others. Troops of cold-fingered urchins are to be seen knocking at every door, with “please to look at my piece,” and trembling as if they feared a denial. The beadle of the parish in all his glory pays his respects to the inhabitants of his district; watchmen parade the street at noon-day; dustmen display “new mown ehins,” though it is not Sunday; and tax-gatherers lay aside their vinegar faces, with their ink-horns and their black books. The theatres too, small and great, have their pantomimes; our ancient acquaintances, harlequin, columbine, the clown and his



shadow, are resuscitated; the tales that delight in the nursery are embodied on the stage, and Grimaldi is himself again. A pantomime gives me the head-ache, yet I generally sit one out at Christmas. I like to look at beautiful scenery, and admire graceful dancing, or wonder at clever tricks like my neighbours, but my chief inducement is to witness the illumination of heart so evident in the younger portion of the audience. All laugh—the man of sixty, and the child of six, but the smiles of the aged only make their wrinkles more conspicuous; while the gladness of a happy child gives to the pure transparent features a loveliness of expression which realizes, if aught on earth can do so, our idea of perfect beauty. I have gazed on a box-full of school-emancipated juveniles, till my eyes swam with tears, but not of sorrow. Some of the party were at their first play, and it was Christmas with all. During the overture preceding the pantomime, every flourish of trumpets brought their hearts to their mouths, but when the curtain rose and displayed the whole length of the stage as gorgeous as art could make it, their young bosoms seemed to throb with a delirium of pleasure. A fair girl of twelve laughed through her luxuriant ringlets, and yielded all her buoyant spirits to the enchantment of the moment; at her side a rosy boy of eight, smiled and trembled, vibrating between fear and confidence as wonder after wonder attracted his unexperienced eye; while around and above, in all the eagerness of expectation, peeped many a cherub countenance, ruddy with health and radiant with joy. What a pity, thought I to myself, that “Christmas comes but once a year.” I was wrong, no doubt; yet who that saw the happiness of those dear children could have the heart to wish them older, or wiser, or more difficult to please than they were on that evening? This thoughtless heyday of the spirits is soon tamed, the mercurial blood of youth is soon chilled, our feelings are soon ice-bound, we acquire experience and we grow old.

A knock at the door,—what! more Christmas-boxing? The parish clerk with the yearly bill of mortality. Well, give him his fee, he has brought me abundant food for reflection. Alas! this brief but awful memorial, rife with the terrors of death, assimilates ill with a season of merry-making, yet it may serve to remind us that life is short, as the slave that was placed by the Roman conqueror in his car of victory reminded him of his weak-

ness. Many who kept the last anniversary of the festival we commemorate, as jocundly as ourselves, and who then thought as little as we did of their approaching dissolution, are in their cold graves; and at this moment, when perhaps we are preparing to join a circle of cheerful friends, our nearest neighbour is striving with the last agonies of expiring nature. We are going to mingle with a circle of friends; how many of its brightest ornaments may death snatch away before the return of this convivial season? Shall we ourselves live to see it? Appalling questions! who can answer them? But these gloomy thoughts are out of place. I am not writing a funeral sermon, no, nor an elegy, but a few plain, frankly intended observations, to persuade all who are civil enough to notice them, that Christmas and good cheer are natural companions, and that a grave, mirth-extinguishing countenance is a sin on new year's day. This is the 24th of December, the turkey is provided, the mince-meat made, the plum-pudding boiling. Well then, let us fill a valedictory glass, rifle the pouting lips of beauty under the misletoe, and merrily to bed, for remember to-morrow will be the first day of Christmas.

"To each and all a kind good night,  
And cheerful dreams and slumbers light."

H.

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### The Demon's Isle.

—  
A BALLAD.  
—

MERRILY, merrily, danced a bark  
The ocean surges o'er,  
But the tempest-fiend came wild and dark,  
And the bark was seen no more.  
The blast was high in the starless sky,  
Where the forky flash was glaring,  
And the desert shore was sprinkled with gore  
Where the sea-bird his prey was tearing!

Slowly, slowly, the pale Dawn crept  
From the dark embrace of Night;  
The storm was hushed and the wild winds slept,  
Save a murmuring breeze that lightly swept  
A raft o'er the surges white;  
Sir Egbert there, with his lady fair,  
For weary life were striving,  
And the burdened mast, on the current fast,  
To the Demon's Isle was driving!

Sadly, sadly, o'er paths unblest,  
They pass'd with footsteps sore,  
O'er tangled wilds that ne'er were press'd  
By mortal foot before;  
The wild dog howled and the she-wolf growled,  
The wanderers' hearts dismaying,  
And the serpent rolled his scaly fold,  
Where their lonely steps were straying!

Deadly, deadly night-shade arched  
The path of the hapless pair,  
And their limbs were faint and their lips were parched,  
And their hearts sank in deep despair,  
For save the fruit of that poisonous root,  
Nor berry nor herb was growing,  
And many a snake hissed loud in the brake,  
Where the lonely stream was flowing!

Darkly, darkly fell the shade  
Of night on the Demon's Isle;  
His lady's couch Sir Egbert made  
Where a withering fir o'erhung the glade,  
And he vowed with sleepless eye and blade  
To watch around the while.  
"I'll hurl the wolf in yon craggy gulph,  
If near thy slumbers prowling,  
And the serpent shall start and glide apart  
To hear the savage howling!"

Fatally, fatally Egbert drank  
Of the deadly dew as it fell,  
Till in slumbers deep his eye-lids sank  
O'erpower'd with a magic spell.  
At the raven's croak with a start he woke,  
His flesh with terror creeping,  
And he softly stept where his lady had slept,  
But he found no lady sleeping !

Wildly, wildly o'er rock and steep,  
Then traversed the phrenzied knight,  
With many a curse on his treacherous sleep,  
And many a curse more dread and deep  
On the treacherous elfin-sprite !  
Up started then, from his gloomy den,  
The Fiend in his anger proudly,  
" I care not for ban of a perjured man !"  
He cried to Sir Egbert loudly.

Boldly, boldly Sir Egbert's brow  
He crossed, then hallowed his blade,  
Cried " Holy Virgin, Oh ! help me now !"  
And cleft down the elfin shade,  
With an eldritch scream, like a fading dream,  
The grisly shape departed,  
And his lady dear, from the cavern drear,  
To his eager bosom started !

Gaily, gaily carols the lark  
At the smile of the rising morn,  
And gaily, gaily speeds a bark  
O'er the ocean surges borne !  
Sir Egbert there, and his lady fair,  
A boundless joy's pervading,  
And the Demon's Isle, from their ken the while,  
Far, far o'er the billow is fading !

J. G. G.



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## Scholastic Reminiscences.

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### No. 1.—THE TUTORS.

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A PUBLIC school is a world in miniature. Here the indications of the future man first peep forth; the vices and virtues, the bad and good passions, the plodding dullness and the brilliant talents, that are to exalt or debase their possessor in manhood, and rank him either with the great and good, or the inane and worthless. I have often wished I could renew my juvenile stage of existence, and again pass through the scenes of boyhood; not that those days were to me days of delight; but could I carry with this renewal the advantage of the experience I have since gained, it would be an interesting employment to the mind, to trace those striking exemplifications in little of human nature, that would pass before me, and might furnish matter of deep speculation for the searcher into the mystery of man.

Many years have elapsed since I pressed the classic floor, where "learning's ample page, rich with the stores of time," was unfolded to my view; yet memory arrays in vivid colours the picture of the past, and presents to the mind's eye many incidents of my school-going days, with the greenness of yesterday. I sometimes pass the venerable pile, and there are few circumstances more impressive of the brevity of time, than the associations awakened at these periods. It seems but a handful of days since I was as the young shoots of existence, whose shrill voices, in the act of conning their lessons, burst upon the ear, or whose shouts of boyish revelry, when emancipated from their exercises, echo through the cloisters. There is a sempiternal character about the place. The building is the same,—grave, sombre and ancient.—The porch,—the door covered with initials and autographs, outlasting those who carved them, many of whom are perhaps tottering about with grey hairs and "spectacles on nose," or have long since been covered over with the mould of the grave, and their very memories forgotten; while a giddy troop still passes through the same gate, changing in face and form, but ever young; and maintaining in the aggregate the appearance of everlasting youth.

If pedagogues ever think, here is "food for meditation, even to madness," to mark the gradations from comparative infancy to the verge of manhood, and to see one generation giving place to another in never-ending succession.

"To rear the tender thought" has an abstract appearance of romantic interest. It seems, *à la distance*, a delightful occupation; but is in truth a very harassing employment, when reduced to plain matter of fact. The perpetual hum, unceasingly buzzing in the ear; the monotony, the confinement; the difficulty of imparting, even in the most familiar language, the simplest idea; the dullness of some pupils, the petulance of others; these are but a few of the disagreeables peculiar to such a profession. What opposite qualities ought a man to possess, to fit him for the office! He should be patient, yet firm; indulgent to the slow but willing-minded; severe to the obstinate and wayward; and forbearing to the gentle. Every angry passion, every impatient feeling in his own breast, must be suppressed; and he must yield himself a willing sacrifice to the improvement of his charge. Where shall we meet such generous self-devotion? Generous, let the reward be what it may. I will endeavour to sketch the characters of those under whom I was educated, as memory revives the recollection of them after a lapse of many years.

The principal was a comely personage, of portly rotundity. Like Falstaff, he must have forgotten the time when he last saw his own knee. An inactive life, passed on the spot (for his residence adjoined the school) and a disinclination to exercise, had contributed to increase his corporeal consequence, and "blown him up like a bladder;" not with "grief," but solid obesity. His "fair round belly," broad back, and short sturdy legs, formed a singular contrast to the intellectual character of his countenance. His sinciput was bald, and covered with wrinkles. A few scanty grey hairs grew at the side of his head, and gave it a somewhat graceful and venerable appearance. It was not perhaps "such a head as Guido would love to paint;" but it was worthy of regard, and you felt for it an involuntary respect. Habit, and not nature, had lowered his brows into a sort of frown. There was a magisterial gloom spread over his face; a sense of importance, arising from the possession of absolute power, evincing that dominion excites the same feelings, whether exercised over millions of men or a school-full of homuncules; but he was a

kind good man, spite of his repulsive physiognomy; and we loved him. It was a gay time for those in the lower classes, to repeat their lessons to him, in the occasional absence of their own particular patron. No harsh severity was to be dreaded; no heavy task for the morrow anticipated. It was a day marked with a white stone in our calendar.

Hunc diem signa meliore lapillo.

PERSIUS.

He was a man too, of sound learning; an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, and well read in Hebrew. His excessive corpulence, and that occasional absence of mind generated by deep thinking, had begotten habits of indolence. I believe he would often have entered the school-room half attired, but for the vigilant surveillance of his good lady. In spite of her attention however he has often been seen with his kneebands and buttons unfastened, his shoe-strings loose, and occasionally a stray garter, breaking from its confinement, and serpentining round his leg, to the manifest peril of his equilibrium. Sometimes he would appear without any cravat, or the buckle would become undone, and hang behind his back; or his black gown, thrown over his shoulders with an air as degagé as the modern studied negligence of a lady's scarf, would work its way off, and be left unconsciously on the ground; or the tassel of his trencher cap, fastened by himself with a crooked pin, because it would be too much trouble to have it sewed on, would gradually become disengaged at each movement of his head, and deposit itself on his collar, where it formed an admirable tail. I have seen other inadvertencies, that put the good old gentleman to the blush in the midst of his scholars. Seventeen years after I quitted the school, I used frequently to meet him, and could mark no change that time had wrought in his countenance. *Semper idem*. The same corpulence, the same frown, and not a single additional wrinkle. The monotony of his occupation, and the consequent exemption from the turmoils of active life, which impress the brow with the lines of care, and anticipate the devastations of old age, defrauded time of at least the outward semblance of victory. The old gentleman is since dead. Peace to his ashes! His memory deserves the tear of filial veneration; for there is one good man the less in the world.....

The second in command was a tall man, stooping in his gait, raw-boned and muscular. Tremendous were the strides with



which he paced the school, and awful was the brandishing of his cane, as he swept along with magisterial dignity. I have a distinct recollection of his physiognomy, the most remarkable part of which was his nose. It was a true aquiline; a very eagle's beak, flaming with a crimson and purple hue, and hissing hot with exhalations. He was in the habit of powdering it, to conceal its blushes; and the effect was strikingly ludicrous, when an inadvertent rub of the handkerchief, wiping away the frail covering, disclosed the fiery meteors, which flamed forth in striking contrast to their whitened neighbours. He always smiled, but "in such a sort, as if he disdained himself for being moved to smile." 'Twas a mixture of sarcastic severity and apparent good nature. Before I had the honour of rising to that eminence which qualified me for being removed to his jurisdiction, I had marked his eyes fixed on me with a complacent regard, that made me think him a vastly good-natured man; but when that event took place, I was speedily awakened from my delusion, by sundry raps with the cane on my tender palms, bestowed with a hearty good-will, and at which amusing exercise he was justly deemed a proficient, to the manifest terror and consequent diligence of the hapless beings over whom he held sway. That same rapping on the hands, by-the-bye, was a very annoying affair; and many were the expedients devised to mitigate the pain, or diminish the violence of the blow. A mischievous wag recommended laying the thumb across the palm, "and then," said he, "you'll split up his cane." I was weak enough to try the experiment, and I thought the luckless joint had been dislocated. In sober truth, 'twas a most barbarous punishment. Let any one conceive how painful a blow must be, inflicted by a tall, athletic man with a thick, weighty cane on the delicate hand of a youth, thirteen years of age. It is the very acme of cruelty. I have seen the blood start from the fingers, and the unhappy sufferer fall upon the ground, with excessive agony, uttering the most heart-rending cries. The remembrance is yet so powerful, that, as a man, I shrink with instinctive terror at the recollection; and I grieve to add, that the unfeeling practice still continues. Surely this is not the way to induce youth

*Præceptorem sancti voluere parentis.*

JUVENAL.

To their instructors, due respect to pay,  
As parents honour, and as gods obey.

Undue severity is the bane of learning; and I am convinced



with Locke, that "beating is the worst, and therefore the last means to be used in the correction of children;" especially such beating as I have described. To return, however, to Magister Secundus, it is but justice to say, that in this particular he did but follow the usual discipline of the school; though neither can it be denied that he surpassed his coadjutors in the severity of its application. He was a very learned man; and inferior to none in his knowledge of Greek literature. He was a mighty stickler for literal translation, and it is needless to add how little the sense of a passage of the Greek or Latin classics could be elicited by such a method. Construed in this way, it was sheer no-meaning, which, as Pope tells us, puzzles more than wit; and when I had succeeded in obtaining what has been pronounced a correct version, I could seldom tell what it was about. Those auxiliary words of little meaning, *μήν, γὰρ, δὲ*, intended as mere dovetails to a sentence, and answering to our *however, truly, indeed, &c.* he invariably translated *firstly, secondly, &c.* The effect, when the passage in which they occurred was rendered into English, was irresistibly ludicrous. Sometimes two or three *firstlies* would follow without a *secondly*, and a *secondly* stand before a *firstly*, or two or more *secondlies* succeed each other. Looking over some papers a few days ago, I happened to meet with an old exercise, an approved translation of part of Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, which will illustrate the matter completely. I copy it *verbatim et literatim*, with all its baldness.

"*Xenophon, Memorabilia, Lib. 3. Cap. 9.*—" *Secondly*, having been again asked, whether fortitude could be acquired by study, or was innate; *firstly*, (said he) then, I think, as though one body is naturally more stout than another body for labours, so also (he said) do I think that a soul becomes naturally more powerful than another soul for desperate attempts; for I perceive those nurtured both in the very same laws and customs much excelling one another in endurance. *Firstly*, then, I believe, that every disposition is increased for fortitude by study and practice; for *firstly*, it is evident that the Scythians and Thracians could not endure to fight bravely against the Lacedemonians, having taken up shields and spears. *Secondly*, it is evident the Lacedemonians also would neither be willing nor eager to contend with the Thracians with slings or missive weapons, nor with the Scythians with bows and arrows. *Secondly*, I myself observe

also men, similar in all other respects, excelling one another naturally, and advancing themselves much by study. *Secondly*, it is evident from these things, that it behoves all, both those more favoured by nature and those more dull as to nature, to learn and practise these things, in which they should be anxious to become worthy of record." &c. &c. &c.—Was there ever such arrant nonsense?—"What is it all about?" quoth little Peterkin.

He had a high veneration for the celebrated Dr. Bentley; and regarded Swift's attempts to turn him into ridicule in his *Battle of the Books* with much severity. He ranked in his estimation as the greatest critic that ever lived; and this is a character, as far as applies to his revisions of the ancient classics, that cannot justly be denied him. I suppose the magister had not seen his proposed emendations of Milton. These at least, detract in no small degree from his reputation for critical acumen. It was the invariable rule of the gentleman, whose peculiarities I am detailing, to have before him, when we were repeating our lesson, a splendid quarto copy of Bentley's edition of the author we were studying, and he delighted in pointing out, and expatiating on, his editorial sagacity. His Terence was a great favorite, and the subject of perpetual eulogy. Apropos of Terence, it reminds me of a "circumstarne," as Dicky Suett would say. There were few authors more difficult to us school gentry than this same dramatist. The pithy sententiousness of his comic characters, leaving so much to be "understood," which we could never guess at; his obsolete phrases, and mysterious brevity, were sore puzzlers to lads who were expected to discover an author's meaning by mere verbal translation, and to whom the spirit and eloquence of language had never been explained, as being perhaps considered of too abstract a nature for their comprehension. I remember, on one occasion, we stuck fast at two words, forming in themselves a sentence, and which being utterly at variance with all our preconceived notions of grammatical propriety, we in vain endeavoured to comprehend. The words were *nequid nimis*; literally, "nothing too much." That a complete sentence should be formed without a verb we could not conceive; but convinced of the fidelity of our translation, we stood to it. "*Nothing too much*," said our master; "humph! and pray what is meant by *nothing too much*?" No reply. "Can't you guess?" Mum. "Suppose it were construed *too much of nothing*, could you tell

its meaning then?" Still silent. It was somewhat too hard to expect that we should, and he condescended to explain it. "It means," said he, "that too much of one thing is good for nothing—too much pudding will choke a dog;" grinning at the same time a ghastly smile; "do you understand that?" Which we replied to in the affirmative by audible titterings. This trivial circumstance opened a field of discovery to my mind, to which, owing to our parrot method of imbibing instruction, I had hitherto been an utter stranger, the amazing sententiousness of the Latin tongue.

He used to divert his leisure hours by scanning English poetry, collecting Elizabethan hexameters, Latin rhymes, puns, and out-o'-the-way phrases. We were sometimes honoured by being allowed to copy portions of his *Collectanea*, which, in his good-natured moments, he would take the trouble to explain to us. On the whole, he was a most industrious labourer in the classical vineyard; and though his temper was occasionally harsh, he evinced much delight in the unfolding of latent talent, and never failed to reward the deserving.

The third master was a negative sort of being, and only remarkable for a report whispered among the scholars, that his talents were unequal to his office; and I have some reason for thinking it to be true. He always hesitated, when we applied to him to construe some difficult sentence. He used to tell us to look in our dictionaries; and reminds me of the character in Matthews's song of the Volunteer Day, who being asked to explain the word counter-march, replied "You know what *counter* means? Yes. And you know what *march* means? Yes. Well, now you know all about it." In brief, he was a mild tempered easy man, who let us climb the steep of learning our own way, and was too good-natured to chide us for lingering at the base.

The fourth had many points of singularity. He was younger than the others; dapper, spruce in his person, and had rather the air of a dancing master than a divine. He was remarkable for his white hands and clean nails, which he pared twenty times a day. His countenance was shrewd, his eye piercing, his nose sharp; and his complexion of that sallow hue that usually distinguishes a barrister's physiognomy, and tells of studious vigil o'er the midnight lamp. To his care the younger shoots were entrusted; and his wand of correction was proportionately diminutive.



He possessed considerable dexterity in its application; and his method of correction was remarkably singular. At those periods, his lips were contracted inwards, and pressed together closely; his eyes were fixed on some object at a distant part of the room, and seizing the prostrate victim by the collar of his coat, he "rained blows upon him," with a quickness that shewed the pliability of his wrist, and the readiness of his "tact" in the correctional art.

### Song.

Down the valley, my dearest, come tripping,  
The green bank with May-flow'rs is crown'd,  
The sun in the west-wave is dipping,  
And the rose-hues of eve sleep around;  
'Tis the lull'd hour of lover's emotion,  
When heaves the full heart in the breast,  
Like the summer wave's soft swell on ocean  
That sinks with a gurgle to rest.

Down the valley, my dearest, come tripping,  
Nor tarry thy ringlets to braid,  
The wild-rose the dew drops is sipping,  
And weeps them again in the shade:  
Still sparkles the fount as it gushes,  
Though seen but through shadow and haze,  
As beauty like thine, through its blushes,  
Is brightest at eve to the gaze!

J. G. G.



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ON THE CHARACTER OF  
**Juliet,**  
AND SOME OF ITS REPRESENTATIVES.

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OF all the female characters in Shakespeare, Juliet appears to me the most fascinating, if not the most finished. In Desdemona, we have a beautiful, sinless creature, passive under the pressure of undeserved sufferings, submitting to her wrongs in solitary grief, but never accusing their author; in Imogen, we find much that is lovely and amiable; spotless innocence, perfect affection, and generous self-devotedness; but then she is placed in situations so revolting to our feelings, and is surrounded with circumstances which communicate to her conduct such decided hues of guilt, that while we warmly admire the stainless wife, and the high-spirited woman, we cannot but lament that so much purity should remain so long under the dark clouds of sin and shame. Ophelia bursts upon us a vision of light and beauty, holy as an angel, and charming as a Lais; but before we have had time to form an estimate of her excellence, unrequited love, the bane of many a gentle heart that pines and breaks in secret, destroys her reason, and she perishes like a pale, unresisting flower, whose delicate petal is torn from the frail stem by the last breeze of winter. But Juliet, fairy Juliet! whose dainty feet scarcely touch the earth over which they glide, the sweet Italian girl, whose heart is as warm and pure as the skies of her native land; what glowing pencil can delineate faithfully thy varied loveliness, or depict with truth the sweetnesses that hang about thee like an atmosphere. Juliet!—there is a spell in the very name; the sound falls on the ear like music from a moonlit lake, soft as a dew of Eden, and delicately harmonious as the tremulous echoes of “lovers’ tongues by night.” There is always something delightful in youth, buoyant and full of hope, untouched by affliction, and unstained with tears; we feel a joy allied indeed to grief, but yet not painful, when we contemplate the young in life, eager to enter on the busy stage of existence, and rife with glorious expectations because they are unacquainted with disappointment; but when,

as in the case of Shakespeare's heroine, youth wears the robe of beauty, and its brilliant rose-hued cheek is mellowed by the breath of love, and when this exquisite pupil of nature whispers her confessional on passion's altar, her Romeo's bosom, drinks deep at the well-spring of rapture, and dies of the delicious poison, what can we do but exclaim with Young,

Early, bright, transient, pure as morning dew,  
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven.

Juliet is the unsophisticated child of simplicity. The grace and elegance evident in her words and actions are quite inartificial, and flow from a natural happiness of temper, which, more than anything else, attracts and fixes regard. Capulet has given a ball, at which many friends and some foes are present: his daughter, (who then for the first time, we may suppose, is introduced to the great world) mixes with the gay throng, herself the gayest and most joyous, and there beholding the youthful Montague, hugs to her pure breast a passion which is to constitute all the bliss and all the anguish of her short life. She can perceive no guilt in her feelings; she knows they are delightful, and she thinks they must be innocent; she cannot assume the disguise of coquetry, or veil her sentiments with hypocritical coldness; yet, restrained by the engaging bashfulness of unfeigned modesty, it is only to the dull ear of night and silence that she breathes her heart's precious secret. Her passionate exclamations, the outpourings of virgin tenderness, are overheard; but the listener is her own Romeo, and with the frankness and unsuspecting candour of real love, she avows and triumphs in her affection. Is this immoral? Prudes and frigid critics have imagined so; and in their outrageous regard for decorum, would have had the lady tease her swain for some six or twelve months, and then have said "yes," with as much apparent reluctance, as if that expressive word was to be her last. Well, let such delicate people manufacture a revised and corrected *family Juliet*, if they will; much good may it do them; but give me Nature's Juliet, Shakespeare's Juliet, the Juliet whose imaginary perfections and timeless sorrows first taught my young heart to throb with the pulse of passion, and the delirious transports of reciprocated love. The fashions of the world, and the trammels of education, often absurd and ridiculous, teach the young scrupulously to repress the yearnings of

natural affection, or to indulge it by stealth, where no reproving eye is upon them; but Juliet, like a caged bird, which has newly broken its prison, feels all the extasy of freedom, tastes not the dread of captivity; but perceiving the attractions of that world on which she has so recently opened her eyes, and giving them credit for permanency, which, alas! can never belong to them, cannot weigh advantages, or dally with her hopes, but rivetting her lips to the sparkling chalice, whose nectared surface hides the wormwood of despair, seems in playful defiance to bid affliction do its worst. What follows?

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

A few rapturous hours, a few moments of "joy, past joy," and the sun-light of her days is gone; crosses and cares and heart-breaking must succeed; the epithalamium is converted to a dirge, and he that loved her living, bends in agony over the tomb of the Capulets; "for there lies Juliet." Such an end for youth, loveliness and virtue, must give pain to every well constituted mind; and yet I confess, that I would not change the catastrophe of this imaginary martyr of love, even if I could. Juliet is not a being to live and grow matronly, see her daughters and grand-daughters work tapestry, and die at a good old age. No, her nerves were too fine, too acutely sensitive for every-day existence; we cannot imagine such persons, as a dull, formal, sober-suited Count Romeo, or a demure, prim visaged Countess Juliet, in a high cauled cap. Passion is the very essence of her character; and unfortunately, the unseen, but fatal flame, which it fosters, too often consumes its frall, beautiful casket, the fond, trusting, innocent heart of woman. We feel from the first, that Juliet is too angel-like for long life, and the garland of grace and beauty which she wears resembles the flowery wreaths worn by the victims of pagan superstition at the altars on which they died. Prosperous love is uninteresting, but the love which is hallowed by affliction has a magical influence over the mind, and is remembered once, and for ever. Who can forget Petrarch? He was a great politician, and a profound philosopher, but we think of him only as a lover. Who can forget Heloise? She possessed exalted genius, but while her literary talents excite little attention, her unfortunate love still elicits sympathetic tears from bright eyes.

Of the various representatives of Shakespeare's loveliest heroine, there are almost as many opinions as critics. The once



celebrated Mrs. Robinson had few qualifications for the difficult character of Juliet, but personal beauty, and in that respect none of her successors have excelled her ; but to give a just idea of this exquisite creation of a gifted mind, requires no small portion of intellect ; and the actress, who hopes to charm more than the mere voluptuary, must inherit some gleams of that genius which inspired the immortal author when he imagined the character. Miss. S. Booth played the part charmingly ; her girlish vivacity suited some of the early scenes, particularly that with the Nurse : her mingled patience and anxiety, and assumed fondness, momentary disappointment and final burst of irrepressible joy, were natural, and therefore excellent ; the first interview in the garden was, as she managed it, very pleasing ; Romeo's enthusiastic apostrophes were more than excused by the bright creature to whom they were addressed, and love at first sight was triumphantly demonstrated ; but in the more tragic portions of the play she was not so successful ; there was much fondness, but little pathos in her parting with Romeo ; her scene with the Friar wanted solemnity, and the soliloquy previous to drinking the narcotic, though given with redundant action, failed to create effect.

Miss O'Neill, with the exception of Mrs. Siddons, was the most gifted votary of Melpomene which the modern stage has produced ; and in Juliet she was pre-eminently successful. When she entered in her first scene, all eyes were involuntarily fixed upon her " as some gay creature of the elements," some radiant being newly descended to our earth to enrapture mortals with celestial perfections. And then her smile ! its archness, its sweetness, its indefinable expression of benevolence—Oh ! it was worthy living for, to gaze on that bewitching smile, and feel it as it ought to have been felt. Then the solemnity of happiness gave a sweet melancholy serenity to her countenance, and her accents were like the tender tones of an Æolian harp. Anon, her heart's treasured delight, like all earthly delights, perished in the embryo, and the genius of tragedy deepened the lines of her eloquent face, and glanced from her speaking eye a subdued, mournful light, like the gleam of a sepulchral lamp. The scene in the chamber was terribly grand, and evinced in the actress powers fully adequate to the developement of all the awful mysteries of human nature ; indeed, the whole performance was perfect, and left nothing to be wished. I shall never forget it,



who can? Miss F. H. Kelly, the new candidate for histrionic fame, brings capabilities to the arduous task she has chosen, which seem to ensure her triumph; and in Juliet, the only character in which the London public has yet seen her, she has made an impression that will not soon be effaced. Her performance throughout was strikingly original, and at the same time, in admirable keeping; in the opening scenes she was the warm-hearted, enthusiastic Italian girl, tremblingly alive to every breath of passion, seeking pleasure, and anxious to communicate it, yet pure as a snow wreath on Mont-Blanc, and innocent as a babe pillowed on the bosom of its mother. The balcony scene requires no praise; it was perfect, even after O'Neill; the way in which she exclaimed, "At what o'clock to-morrow shall I send?" was perfectly fascinating; and they can have no pretension to feeling, who can resist her passionate grief on hearing of Romeo's banishment. The parting in the garden was quietly affecting, to a degree not common, even on the English stage. The soliloquy, and her mode of bidding farewell to Lady Capulet, prove her competency to move in the highest walks of her profession; and taking into account her extreme youth, we may indulge in the hope, that she has a brilliant career before her, and is destined to be remembered with O'Neill and Siddons.

H.

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### The Lottery of Life.

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WHAT a complete game at cross purposes does Fortune often play with mankind, in her whimsical destination of their several conditions in life! She fits a crown on the noddle of imbecillity, and the wig of wisdom on the scone of folly; she rains mitres on the heads of the proud, the ignorant, and the greedy; invests cowards with the command of armies, and distributes riches, titles, and honours to the mean, the ignoble, and the worthless. How many an excellent statesman has been destined to the shop-board! How many a metaphysician has been immured behind a

counter ! and how many an orator has pined in inglorious inactivity, as a refresher of soles and a restorer of upper-leathers ! Fortune, thou mischief-making quean ! what a chapter of accidents is thine ! and to what little purpose do political economists buffet their brains, to remedy the ills of this sad world, when thou art daily, hourly, thwarting all their wise plans and beneficent legislations, by the confounded *jeu de contrarietés* which you have been playing, to the annoyance of the biped animal, ever since the creation of the world !

It was said, in Wilkes's time, that there was more eloquence at the Robin Hood, than in the House of Commons ; and I confess, that I have heard better speeches for a shilling at the Forum in Piccadilly, than half-a-crown has procured me at St. Stephen's. "That cannot be," exclaims the news-worm, who feeds on the twenty columns of debates, which gladden his political appetite in the daily papers. The "good easy man" little dreams of the clipping and paring and polishing, that these said speeches undergo in passing through the hands of the reporter. He would scarcely believe that the periods, so smoothly rounded, that he gloats on, while munching muffins and quaffing chocolate, were all acute angles and jagged edges, full of burs and asperities, before they were moulded into shape by the dexterity of the stenographer. Take the words literally that drop from the lips of a country member, a maiden orator, nay, of an old practitioner in the art of speech-making, and you would find, when you had put them together, that you had produced about as graceful an union of parts, as Frankenstein in the novel, when he turned man-maker, and embodied that delightful "thing of threads and patches," that scared him to the ends of the earth. I would wish you no worse punishment than to be haunted with such a spectre, as your own Promethean rashness had created. Seriously then, it is not to be controverted, that all are not eloquent, who speak in parliament ; all are not learned, who wear black gowns and trencher caps ; all are not noble, who possess titles ; and all are not wise, who wear wigs. The glorious attributes of mind, thank heaven ! are diffused throughout society, without respect to persons ; but unfortunately, the fire of genius too often glows in the bosoms of those, who, excluded from the adventitious aids of rank and property, pass through the world neglected and unknown, or are destined to be subservient to the views of less

noble beings than themselves. We all have lived to see the possessors of brilliant talents hedged in by the prejudices of society, and doomed to "waste their sweetness" in the degrading occupations of mere labourers for bread. I am not philosopher enough to despise riches ; because I know, that in a world so constituted as ours, or, more correctly speaking, in a country so commercially compounded as England, a paramount respect will always be paid to the possessor of wealth, and this respect does not proceed altogether from an unworthy feeling. The acquisition of property is in most cases dependent on industry, and industry is here universally recognized as a virtue. Activity, perseverance, enterprise ;—all those prominent qualities that are looked up to with a kind of veneration by most minds, and which, in fact, form the main-springs of the prosperity of society, are generally indispensable qualifications for the acquisition of pecuniary importance ; and it is not to be doubted, that however sordid the secret motives which impel men to grasp after the goods of the world, these motives are often productive of important advantages to the general welfare. Yet, while I admire that ever-active principle, which, deducing its origin from the spirit of thrift, has conferred such great public benefits, I am not weak enough to confound the individual with the principle ; or to pay that respect to mere wealth, which is the sole prerogative of merit. And thus, I despise that arrogant assumption, that would extort homage for simple opulence ; that would confine the possession of talent to rank ; that can neither imagine a peer to be mean or an artisan noble ; and measuring the capacities of mind by the extent of the purse, would crush the aspirings of those exalted spirits, who seek to emerge from the obscurity of indigence. Rather should it be lamented, that the lottery of life has constructed such irrelative positions, and that any man should be fettered by the thralldom of an inappropriate profession. The peer, who has a taste for the handicraft of the blacksmith, or whose plebeian soul would mingle with the dregs of society, feels the same restrictions invading the freedom of his will, as the highly gifted but humble being, who is precluded by his station from soaring to a nobler and more congenial elevation ; and the great vulgar, confined by the formulæ of rank, are as miserable in their gilded chains, as the generous mind, restrained by the trammels of penury.



Some of these mis-matched conjunctions are ludicrous enough. Shakespeare, and his occupation of groom, are not a more absurd union than the anomalous association of Roscoe and merchandize; while a coal-pit has confined the genius of an artist, and the spirit of poesy has infused its divine inspiration into the bosoms of a shoemaker, a shepherd, and a ploughman. On the other hand, what an excellent drayman has often been spoiled by being born a baronet; and how many a bright genius, who might have figured away with *éclat*, had he been bound apprentice to a brick-layer or a blacksmith, has been utterly obscured, by coming into the world as the son of a nobleman! Many a strapping fellow of six feet high, with the shoulders of a porter, the fists of a pugilist, and a skull of comfortable crassitude,—who could have shouldered a hod or wielded a flail, with the stoutest,—has been dwindled into a *petit-maitre*, with delicate hands, white teeth, and beardless chin, because, forsooth, it has pleased the fates to tack him to the live stock of a peer's progeny. But as if chance had not done enough to complete the catalogue of comical incongruities, it seems the aim of some folks to exert themselves to the uttermost to add another pattern to the patch-work character of life, by resolutely and wilfully mistaking the genius of their children. Master Jacky, who has a vast affection for a hammer and nails, and is notably ingenious in the construction of dog-houses and mouse traps; who loathes learning as much as physic; and who was fourteen years old before he could comprehend the mystery of pot-hooks and hangers, is destined for the bar. With just sagacity sufficient to comprehend that two and two can hardly make five, he is marked out for a line of life, whose professors are proverbially reputed to have cunning enough to outwit his sable highness, the devil. Master Billy, who is blessed with a spirit so thoroughly mischief-making and litigious, that he sets all the household by the ears, and whom nature had fashioned for a lawyer, is intended for the pulpit; while Master Bobby, the only one of the trio, who has a decent portion of brains; whose taste early manifested itself by an enthusiastic attachment to learning, and who rivalled Dr. Johnson in precocity of intellect, is doomed to study Cocker, and bother his brains with arithmetic and algebra, to qualify him for the 'counting house of a merchant! The result of these judicious arrangements must be delightful enough, and their influence on society proportionately



beneficial. Thus, we find the tailor, whom we employ to fabricate a suit of clothes, is busily occupied in arranging a suit in chancery; instead of taking measure for a coat, he is thinking of the measures of the ministry, and professes he would finish the career of all democrats with a bare bodkin. The doctor, whom we expect to enter with sympathising feeling into all the minutiae of our catalogue of ailments, writes a hasty prescription without asking a question, and launches out into a long dissertation on the art of pugilism. He hopes Randall may get his dose; and thinks the next time he fights, he'll have a pill. He says Neate shews symptoms of pluck; he is sure he'll physic his man, and stick to him like a blister. He'd rather be the champion of England than the king's physician, and instead of studying your case, his fancy is roving to Moulsey Hurst or the Fives Court. "Perhaps you would advise bleeding," says the doubting patient. "Oh! yes; tap the claret by all means."—"And these drops of laudanum"—"Will darken your day-lights."—"My head has been"....."In Chancery I see."—"You think I shall recover?"—"Lombard Street to a China orange."—"The chances are in my favour, then?"—"The monument to a stick of sealing-wax."—"The pills, too, will"....."Rummage your bread-basket."—"And when you call again"....."We'll have another set-to." The pleader, on whose eloquence and skill you depend for the successful prosecution of your cause, is absorbed in theatricals; and, instead of conning his brief, is studying a character. He thinks more of Covent-garden than the Court of King's Bench, and has a greater respect for the talents of Kean than of the Lord Chancellor's. He is more interested in the fate of a new tragedy than of a new suit; would prefer a seat in the boxes to a seat on the bench; and is better pleased to act the Village Lawyer in the farce, than the barrister at the bar. Even the stage, epitome as it is of life, is not congenial to the bias of every mind. "All are not men, who wear the human form," and all are not Richards, who are born actors. You cannot graft genius on a barren stock; and the lisping Roscius of infancy, who has been parroted into the knack of imitating certain sounds, and repeating sundry words, is no more likely to become an actor, than if he had deferred the commencement of his theatrical career till the dotage of old age. How many instances of the kind have we now before us! I never see \*\*\*\*\* perform, but he reminds me of a

butcher ; and I grieve that a man should cut so pitiable a figure on the stage, who might have shone at the shambles of Leaden-hall. When he enacts Julius Cæsar, we may indeed exclaim with Hamlet, " 'Twere pity to kill so capital a calf !" \*\*\*\*\* , a good-humoured, merry fellow enough in the green-room, and a good-hearted soul in the bargain, was never intended by nature for an actor. I wonder how he contrived to get upon the stage. He would make an excellent auctioneer ; would shine as a barker to the furnishing gentry of Moorfields ; or would pass muster for a recruiting serjeant ; but save us from a sight so terrible as his Ennui, or his Dominie Sampson, or his..... But he makes the folks laugh ; and what more can they want ? There's \*\*\*\*\* too ; ( " just like a waiting-gentlewoman, heaven save the mark !" ) a most excellent man-milliner. He would brandish the measure and thumb the scissors with a grace, behind a linen-draper's counter in Bond-street ; but to witness his tragedising is itself a tragedy.

These olla-podridas of the capricious goddess are food for laughter at least ; and though some of us may be grievously vexed by her Hibernian arrangements, we have the satisfaction of enjoying a broad grin at the lot of our neighbours, and derive some consolation from the reflection, that we are not the only luckless candidates, who have drawn blanks in the Lottery of Life.

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### Chess-Playing.

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I AM no Phillidor, yet I sometimes play at chess, and blunder through a game with as much decorum as more sedate people. This amusement is antisocial, certainly, as only two can partake of it, and even they must sit, perhaps for hours, silent and solemn, like the statues of melancholy and repentance, till the triumphant exclamation of " check-mate !" or the more subdued one of " stale-mate !" concludes the contest. Yet chess is a

great sharpener of the intellect, and may induce habits of thought and watchfulness, which will prove useful in more important concerns. In all games which are played with cards, Fortune, the most fickle of deities, exercises her power; wariness and skill are unavailing against the favourite of chance, and a flip-pant miss of sixteen often comes off victor at a card-table, where dexterous old maids and experienced married women assemble to indulge their propensity to gambling. To take a hand at Loo requires hardly any previous knowledge on the subject, and though Hoyle may be of service to the lover of Whist, the success of an evening's play is generally decided by fortuitous circumstances. At backgammon too, though skill to a certain extent is necessary, a turn of the dice, which no reasoning or calculation can prevent, decides the game. Not so at chess: skill is lord of the ascendant, and no advantage can be gained but through your own superior ability, or the inexperience of your opponent. Suppose the parties playing to be equally matched, and no oversight committed, a single piece could never be abstracted from the board; the queen would remain untouched by hostile hands, the king would preserve all his dignity, the bishops, black and white, would cross and re-cross the field of operations without receiving any injury, the knights would perambulate backwards and forwards without incurring the risk of being dismounted, and the castles, as if built on adamant, would retain their positions with sturdy independence, while the pawns flitted from square to square with perfect nonchalance, nor could the uneventful combat be brought to a close, except by the mutual weariness of the players, who might then retire in gentlemanly admiration of each other, as Hector and Ajax are described by Homer, agreeing to part amicably, after giving and taking a storm of ineffectual blows, at the approach of night. It very seldom happens, however, that chess-players engage on equal terms. One person shall possess infinite skill at the game, and yet, from constitutional rashness, lose all the benefit of his experience, another, with much cool and calculating prudence, shall render his opportunities of success nugatory, by his tardy, suspicious mode of employing them. I have been much amused on overlooking the game, at noticing the deliberation and gravity which accompany the grossest errors. I have seen a second Phillidor in his own opinion, survey the relative positions of every piece on the

board, with the air of a privy counsellor, pause, cough, scratch his pericranium, and then, after a preparatory flourish of the hand, put his king in check. I have sat by a lady of a *certain age*, who for half an hour had been taking particular pains to capture an insignificant pawn, and lose her queen. I have had my laugh at observing the airs of ill-concealed triumph which have flushed the faded features of a young-old widow, when she fancied her adversary's men at her mercy, and her own in perfect safety, till she was taken down from her high horse by some simple move of the enemy, and all her schemes of aggression were disappointed. I know a sweet-tongued, merry-hearted, mischief-loving chit of eighteen, with bright black eyes and an expressive countenance, with whom I often play, because her knowledge of the game is of no longer standing than my own; and somehow or other, she commonly contrives to give me check-mate, at a moment when I imagine myself in perfect security. We begin the game slowly and warily. I move the king's pawn, so does my fair opponent, and thus we occupy some ten or twenty minutes without inflicting or sustaining any damage. "Then comes the tug of war." I suppose myself secure of a knight, without exposing myself to danger; my castle is taken,—again a bishop seems left naked to my attacks, I pounce on my fancied prey, and lo! the victory costs me my queen. Presently, notwithstanding this overwhelming loss, I rally my spirits and enunciate the awful monosyllable "check!" What does the lady to relieve herself from this dilemma? She smiles with provoking archness, and adds my forlorn knight to the number of her captives. Through oversight, or more probably good-nature, (for when she finds me growing pettish she thrusts advantages in my way) I am allowed to take her queen, and our power of ultimate success is equalized. I go to work boldly, and make some captures, but in the meantime overlook an insignificant pawn in its silent progress towards the last square on the board; blind to my danger, I permit the desired point to be gained, and the queen is once more in array against me. I lose patience, and make my moves with reckless carelessness, approaching victory laughs in my little enemy's dark eyes, though every muscle of her face preserves its wonted decorum, and after a few desperate efforts to prevent the inevitable conclusion of the game, I am check-mated. You see, courteous reader, that I am but a bungler



at chess,—perhaps you understand it better ; but if you are still a tyro at that truly royal amusement, beware how you venture on a game with a fascinating girl of eighteen, whose murderously radiant eyes will slaughter nobles and pawns indiscriminately, while you are innocently, and it may be unconsciously, reading from their intellectual orbs a world of sweet thoughts and heart-soothing fancies. Lovers should not play at chess, at least not before “holy church incorporates two in one.” Place the board between a brace of unmarried turtles, range the pieces in order due on the opposite sides, and what then ? Why they will make a few languid, apologetic moves ; the gentleman will sigh and bow and sidle his chair towards the lady’s, when he should put his king out of check, and the fair dame will lose herself in a delightful reverie on silk and satin, lace and ribband, the component parts of her wedding dress, when she should be thinking of her next moves. The over-busy and the over-gay should not play at chess ; it is too dull for the one, and too busy for the other. The man of business, who pores over the columns of his ledger from morning till night, can expect little from the game but a head-ach ; and the exquisite, whose nervous system is shattered by the most trivial accidents, will find, before he has played for five minutes, that Phillidor was a blockhead, and his favourite amusement an intolerable *bore*. Poets should not play at chess ; there is too little imagination in the thing for them. Who could write an elegy on losing a castle, or compose a sonnet on being stale-mated ? No, the matter-of-fact air which a chess-player naturally assumes, would be enough to destroy any rhyme-stringer under twenty, and those who are foolishly found poetizing after that age, are hopeless subjects indeed, and could not be expected to learn the moves in less than half a century. Lawyers may play at chess ; that is, if they have no briefs in their bags. Physicians may play at chess when they have no patients. Divines may play at chess when they are beneficed ; a poor curate will find it consume too much time. Literary men, who do not live by manufacturing translations, or teaching Latin to stupid juveniles, may play at chess ; but the inhabitant of an attic in Grub Street, who exists on the cold charity of mercenary booksellers, should have nothing to do with Phillidor ! When Demosthenes was asked what was the first qualification for an orator, he replied, action—and on its being inquired what were the two next most

important qualities, he gave the same answer. So it may be safely pronounced, that leisure is all in all to a chess-player. "People living on annuities" must find chess a continual source of gratification ; for their whole existence is made up of leisure, and if it were not for that or some other modification of busy-idleness, what would become of your elderly bachelor, who hates a book ? your half-pay officer, who cannot get anybody to marry him ? or your jolly parson who can find no companion but a fox-hunting squire ?

I admire a moral peroration to a rambling oration, and now I am going to moralize, for this is the last paragraph, and I have no notion of pinioning all my wise saws in a single sentence. Hervey wrote meditations on a flower garden, Johnson descended lower, and composed meditations on a broomstick ; who then shall presume to sneer if I write meditations on chess-playing ? Life is like a game at chess ; whether fortune or power or fame be our darling object, the pursuit is attended with difficulty and danger ; the slightest inattention, the most casual oversight, is frequently attended with the ruin of all our full-blown hopes ; and the ambitious man, like the chess-player, has but too frequently to lament, in the bitterness of disappointment, the folly of his expectations. Some begin their career with the most flattering prospects, wind and tide seem equally in their favour, and the honours and dignities, scattered over the world of business, seem all open to their grasp, but youth is inexperienced, and the harpies of dissimulation and vice flap their wings over it as their prey ; a momentary lapse from rectitude, a temporary dereliction from propriety, disarranges their whole scheme of happiness, and they are check-mated. Others reach the meridian of their days prosperously and honourably, they seem to have taken deep root in the Arabia Felix of life, they have many a friend, for they do not need assistance ; they have the good word of all, because the praise or censure of the world appears to be no longer important ; but a cloud comes over their summer sky, the best concerted plans prove ruinous in their operation, and when they expected to have found themselves above the reach of misfortune, they are made to wear the garment of heaviness, to lament their fast-evanishing joys, and appreciate them fully for the first time when it is too late. They are check-mated. Some too, oh ! worst of earthly calamities, are doomed, after passing their youth and

manhood in comfort and respectability, to be left destitute and desolate, when the snow of age is on their temples, and but a few hours more must terminate all their concerns in time. The unhappy, who stand on the verge of the grave, cannot hope to retrieve their departed blessings, for their moments are numbered, and their last audit must soon be made. Their own folly, or the treachery of others, has given a mortal stab to their peace. They are check-mated. We must all expect to be check-mated in our journey through life, and they have reason to congratulate themselves, whose virtue and prudence soonest enable them to get out of check.

H.

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### Song.

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YOUNG Love at Beauty's portal wept,  
But ah! in vain, her guest to be,  
For Coldness there his vigils kept,  
And timid Prudence held the key.  
It chanced as Beauty's star-bright eye  
Her lattice through on Love was peeping,  
Sweet Music paused in wand'ring by,  
To list the Paphian plumed one weeping.

She paused, and poured a strain in air  
So sadly sweet the lattice near,  
That Pity flew the tones to bear  
To Beauty's heart from Beauty's ear;  
E'en Prudence smiled to hear her sing;  
E'en Coldness warmed—the valves divided—  
And Love, beneath sweet Music's wing  
Through Beauty's portal softly glided!

J. G. G

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### **My Fire-side.**

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CANDLES?—No, my Marian, we'll not have candles yet. But draw the curtains, forgive my soiling the polished poker with the smoke of sea-coal, bring your chair closer to mine, and let us sit and build castles by the flickering flame-light. I love the opening hour of a winter evening, when it is too dark to read or ply the needle, and too much like day for candles. The uncertain splendour which brightens the chimney nook, and partially illuminates the snug parlour, gives a visionary indistinctness even to familiar objects, and invests even my unfashionable furniture with a grotesque jauntiness of outline, which communicates interest to an antiquated chest of drawers, and elegance to a lumbering claw table. Yonder diamond-cut pier glass in a mahogany frame, with a carved border of oak leaves and acorns, when viewed through the darkness visible of twilight, has a singularly imposing effect; and the eternal ebony cased clock, with its ever moving pendulum, seems to preach wisdom from the wall with the eloquence of a Cicero. The eye soon grows accustomed to the faintly glimmering radiance which partially and by fits enlivens the apartment; no feeling of fear is connected with the shadows that settle round it; the mind is cheerful and satisfied and secure, for we are at home. At this moment, many an epicure is sitting down to his prodigal repast, and prepares himself to be the victim of gout or apoplexy, while he clogs the palate with an anomalous and unnatural meal, the cost of which would have supplied abundance for a whole family; many a thoughtless son of pleasure too, is about to plunge into the maddening vortex of dissipation in pursuit of some illusory good, which even if obtained is found unsatisfactory. But we, observing from "the loop-holes of retreat" the bustle of the world without desiring to share it, and too prudent or too unambitious to risk the happiness we possess in ourselves, for the tinselled trifles of folly's glittering bazaar, enjoy an unostentatious, serene felicity, the off-spring of content, which is within the reach of all who are above extreme poverty, provided they are wise enough to measure their desires by their wants. It is obviously absurd to preach of the pleasures of contentment to



hunger and nakedness, but when the primary cravings of our nature are supplied, there is less difference in point of enjoyment between the richest and the poorest of Adam's posterity than most people imagine. There is an attractiveness in the externals of wealth, which often makes us forget, that even the crowned king cannot command a single feeling which is not equally at the command of his meanest subject. All this, and much more on the same text, may be very true, and very philosophical, but has little to do with my fire-side. The miniature world of joy and sorrow, over which my heart throbs, has nothing in common with the great vanity-fair of life: the affections and hopes which nourish my being, and give existence a charm, are expended on a comparatively small number of objects, and are seldom dissipated by expansion, for I am no cosmopolite. My devotions naturally wait on the friendly divinities that protect my hearth, and at this moment I would not exchange my cushioned arm-chair for the uneasy dignity of the bench or the woolsack.

Stir the fire, Marian; I delight in a cheerful blaze—I could not have done it better—you have made a central vent in the ignited Wall's-End, a two-inch crater in our Lilliputian Vesuvius, which has my hearty approval; and now observe the architectural arrangement of the reddening embers. Those masses of round coal, in the back ground, shall represent Pompeii and Herculaneum; with a little exercise of the imagination, the eye can easily trace the marble temples, baths and theatres of those devoted cities; it is deep night with them, the inhabitants are all asleep, and the gloomy light which illuminates them emanates from the stream of burning lava which is soon to cover them with its fiery waves. But where shall we find or fancy our river of lava? Why, that beautiful column of blue flame, which reminds one of the luminous pillar which preceded the march of Israel through the desert, will serve our purpose admirably; and those tiny flames, which twine themselves round the insensible bars, shall be our lightnings: as for the thunders that should follow, they must be fancied altogether. The upper crust of our fire, which for some minutes has emitted spiral rays of gas, is about to separate; see, it yawns and trembles: the conglomerated mass falls into impalpable particles, the burning abyss beneath receives them, and to use the language of castle-builders, the sublime pinnacle of the volcano has disappeared, and is absorbed by the unfathomed gulph which its fall

has opened. How fare our baby Herculaneum and Pompeii the while? There is not a vestige of them left; "cloud-capped towers, gorgeous palaces, and solemn temples," are all lost in one impartial ruin, and often shall Marian and I brandish the poker ere we can reproduce them! Our domestic *Ætna* is obscured, for we have just laid on fresh fuel, but it will be bright and glorious again presently, and then we will have our visions among the live coals as before. In the meanwhile, a candle and a book—nay, put the light in a corner of the room till the eye becomes familiar with its glare; just now its lustre seems superabundant, though in half an hour I shall lament the degeneracy of modern tallow-chandlers. I doat on a well connected tale of wonder, and you have brought me a very good one,—the *Castle of Otranto*. By the way, the author was a wonderful sort of animal, who spent his life in abusing and being abused; his behaviour to Chatterton was paltry, and his best literary productions, his *Letters*, are a libel on human nature. Does the tale tire? Shall we have some poetry? Then nothing can be better than a portion of that delicious poem, *Lalla Rookh*. There is an enthusiasm about the writings of Moore, a depth and warmth of feeling, which cannot fail to carry every heart along with it. Some of the over-righteous have denounced his melodies as immoral; much good may their precise and frigid taste do them; their wives shall sing the psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins, but mine, when she has a voice, shall delight me with the *Legacy* or the *Woodpecker*. There are few things to which I have a more decided aversion, than a pharasaical pretender to holiness, who sips your wine as if every drop were a deadly sin, and eats your mutton as if a curse followed the consumption of animal food. The lyrics, which the *Edinburgh Reviewers* so severely censured, were certainly unfit for general reading, and should never have been written; but the exquisitely tender and affecting stanzas which accompany the heart-touching strains of the Irish harp, need not call forth a blush on the most modest cheek; and while music and song possess a charm, they will be preserved and admired.

Enter tea and toast; two excellent things. People may rail as they will against the taxed Chinese herb, and cry up English clover for a substitute, but I join in opinion with Dr. Johnson, that a well composed cup of tea from the white hand of

a fair lady, particularly one's mistress or better half, is a source of innocent gratification, not to be lightly relinquished. In France they take coffee; but the French have no idea of the delights which so frequently encircle John Bull's plain but comfortable "fire-side;" when the bubbling and loud hissing urn sends up a steamy column; and when miss and master, and papa and mamma, assemble to quaff an infusion of black and green tea. Your Frenchman builds a house large enough for the whole royal family, covers it with costly marbles and expensive ornaments, and though the interior is utterly destitute of accommodation, gazes on it with vain-glorious delight, and exclaims "grand!" Your Englishman, on the contrary, chooses a mansion or a sitting box, according as his establishment may require, no matter whether the walls be brick, or Roman cement, or stone; he wishes it to be compact and weather-proof, but of ornament he is careless. On the interior he lavishes his cash and his attention, and if he can find convenience and comfort within, it troubles him little to what order of architecture his house may appertain. He chuckles indeed with honest pride over his domestic arrangements; and if the charge of vanity will ever hold against him, it is when he sits in the centre of a merry group at a cheerful fire-side, and rubbing his hands, and pulling up his indescribables, exclaims "this is comfort!"

Go to your piano, my Marian, play me the Copenhagen Waltz: I thank you; I can never forget those delicious tones, so soft, so soothing, so melancholy. I wonder how folks can dance to them. Now an air from the Zauberflöte; beautiful but brief; another; I can never tire of Mozart, he is the Apollo of music, and his rivals are mere organ-grinders in comparison, yet Haydn was a giant in his art: the oratorio of the Creation has immortalized him; and then there is Rossini: who can forget his Tancredi or his Otello? Italy is the land of harmony, and we islanders must be content to pay tribute for her mellifluous notes. In truth, we have no national music, and all we can hope for at present is to become successful imitators. What, are your fingers weary? Well, close the book, and ring for the supper tray. A red herring carefully cooked may be relished even after Don Giovanni. Wheel round your chair, let us sit at the opposite angles of the fire-place and contemplate the last splendours of the exhausting embers. Now they are red and fiery, not a particle of unignited matter appears amongst them, but they have begun to assume a dull dark

hue, like the cloud which comes over the hopes of youth when it verges on manhood. Now they blacken apace: they are still bright at the core, but inanimate ashes surround this lingering vestige of former radiance, as the heart of an aged, but benevolent man, retains its warmth, though the frail tabernacle of clay which encloses it is about to be dissolved by death! See, Marian! all is black now,—all will be cold presently; our fire-side has lost its attractions, and the next best thing is repose.

H.

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### Sonnet.

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THIS, which a prison is, may it no prison be  
To thy brave spirit; may that find free egress,  
And its least thought be full of liberty,  
And its worst dream the sleep of quietness;  
And may that inward sight which most can bless,  
Turn ever upon things which shall to thee  
Be like bright visions pictured out by memory  
To keep thy thoughts from herding with distress;  
In which thou shalt behold fair summer-bowers,  
And hear the songs of happy-hearted birds,  
And feel as thou wert treading on the sward's  
Green wave of down, and scent sweet-sighing flowers,  
And on thy glory's sun, that sets not, look,  
Thy soul being bright the while as a sun-searched brook.

C. W.

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## ON THE OPINION WE FORM OF

**Authors**

## FROM THEIR WRITINGS.

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THERE is a general disposition to decide on the moral qualities of authors by a reference to their productions. They stand apart in the imagination, as a race of beings, invested with peculiar attributes; and because they write well, are presumed to act well. I remember, in the nonage of my experience, that I felt a personal affection for the writer, whose genius had interested my feelings and expanded my heart. He was raised in my estimation beyond the ordinary class of men, and seemed a "faultless monster," whom 'twere impious to suspect. It was not merely a glorious talent to embody exalted reflections, but the mind that could conceive them must itself be exalted; and he who had proved himself so competent to instruct others, could scarcely stand in need of instruction himself. All this may appear very natural, but, in truth, it is very absurd; and we have no more right to expect an author to be exempt from the usual frailties of his fellow-men, than we have to invest human nature with the attributes of Deity. The talent of right reasoning does not necessarily include the ability of action: the theory of morals is not always in unison with the practice.

"Who argues wisely is not therefore wise;  
His skill in reasoning, not in acting lies."

But least of all, are we likely to form a just estimate of a man's *moral* character from his writings. Of all species of composition, this is the least difficult. The plain, beaten track lies before him, and he would find his way to the temple of Virtue blindfold. For my part, I am well pleased to see the modern taste, with all its faults, avoiding this hacknied theme. I think we have had enough, in all conscience, of the "Whole Duty of Man" in the Spectators, the Tatlers, the Guardians, the Ramblers, and the "thousand and one" other works of this description, that increased and multiplied with such amazing fecundity in the *virtuous* days of our ancestors; and the industry of booksellers

and printers having taken care that these should not quickly fall into oblivion, it is quite certain that the appetite of posterity for this sort of food will be amply gorged with the supply that is already provided, without the necessity of dishing up fresh viands. "Sermons are less read than tales," and I wonder our sagacious forefathers had not discovered this before; but without impeaching their wisdom or discernment, it will scarcely be denied, that so little sympathy does there now exist between their tastes and ours, that I verily believe the best of Addison's or Johnson's papers would fail to gain even a gratuitous insertion in a single periodical: but though I feel we have been surfeited *usque ad nauseam*, with homilies in the form of essays; and though I am convinced that prosing dissertations no longer attract attention, I would by no means be understood as desiring the exclusion of all moral allusions. I rather wish the cause of virtue to be strengthened by some novel feature. I would seek new impulses to the mind; I would unfold the yet latent springs of action by which man is stimulated to just and generous deeds; I would aim at a stronger excitement to duty than the repetition of worn-out precepts; and mingling the grave with the gay, the levity of laughter with the seriousness of truth, indelibly impress correct principles on the heart.

I have said that moral writing is easy; and it follows that the mere expression of virtuous sentiments forms no criterion by which to judge of the writer; for simple as it may be to illustrate the system of ethics with the pen, our individual experience of human nature will prove how difficult the task of fixing it on the heart; how immeasurable the distance between precept and practice. I am not so illiberal as to suspect moral writers of hypocrisy; but I contend, that the man who eulogises virtue is not necessarily the perfect creature his works would seem to imply. He may be capable of honestly espousing the cause of morality, and yet be a very frail and erring being himself. It is related of Dr. Young, whose works would impress us with a belief, that piety was the uppermost sentiment of his mind, that when consulted by a young man who laboured under a religious melancholy, and who naturally looked to him for that consolation which his office and writings qualified him to afford, he told him to mix more with the world! Yet I should be sorry to deem the author of the Night Thoughts guilty of dissimulation.

The minute observation of mankind, the knowledge of truth, the superiority to prejudice, and the possession of a well informed and exalted mind (all which are essential to sound writing) have doubtless a powerful influence upon conduct. They modify evil propensities, and contribute to the amendment of the heart; but they cannot "reform it altogether;" the evil tendencies of our nature may be suppressed,—they may be partially overcome; but they cannot be completely subdued. It is beyond the power of philosophy to change the heart. Nor is the difference between authors and their works merely observable in a moral point of view. They, like other folks, have their foibles and their weaknesses; their fancies and superstitious, their absurd theories and obstinate prejudices. The very men, whom we imagine superior to the petty regards that influence the multitude, are as often swayed by narrow and selfish feelings, as the less gifted beings with whom they are associated. Who would imagine that Pope was the vain, trifling, fretful creature, that his biography portrays him? Who can behold his political manœuvres to obtain tit-bits at table, and humouring for his appetite; the stratagems by which he secured the attention of others and the delicacies for himself, without smiling at the contrast between the man and his writings? And who could suppose such a being to be the author of the *Essay on Man*? Pope was an invalid, I confess; and imbecility of body would naturally beget these peevish and childish peculiarities; but it is observable that they did not affect his writings; his physical disqualifications had no influence over his pen; and here is the point contended for.

But it is not merely the fate of authors to be invested with imaginary qualities; they are not only supposed to be a distinct species from the rest of the world; but the moment this supposition is proved to be groundless, and like their fellow-beings they are found to be mere men, a clamour is raised; and the whole fabric of reputation erected by their genius is levelled with the dust. They are neither supposed to talk, nor think, nor act like other men. Their moments of levity are viewed in hideous contrast with their serious sentiments; and they are pronounced hypocrites, because they are not super-human. An artificial standard of perfection with respect to authors seems to be raised in the vulgar mind; and even common charity is denied them if they fail in reaching it. All these notions are very erroneous;



and it is somewhat remarkable, that so little do the labours of the brain at all times indicate the real nature of the individual; that some of the most eminent and angry controversialists have been known to be of very mild, equal, and forgiving dispositions. Men, whose pens seemed ever dipped in gall, and whose very element was literary warfare, have proved peaceful unoffending citizens in the bosom of society. There was P. F. who was not deficient in talent as a political writer (I speak without reference to his sentiments) who was all his life in hot water (as the phrase is) everlastingly involved in libels and political squabbles, and whose hot Irish blood you would expect to be starting forth at the slightest approach to offence, yet was as complete a gentleman in his manners, take him out of the pale of the political circle, as you would wish to converse with. He bore contradiction with more temper than any man I ever knew; and he advanced as few pretensions to what he did not understand. He acknowledged his ignorance of polite literature, but embark in politics, or discuss the talents of C—— and his eloquence was unbounded. Here then was a man with two opposite dispositions, a literary (or rather political) and a private one; neither of which influenced the other.

The stock of mental energy in ordinary minds seems just sufficient to form a stimulus to action; and the powers of reflection are mostly adequate to the physical wants of the individual; but he has no superfluous ideas to spare for others. The capacity of the intellect is merely employed for the welfare of the body, and its grasp cannot be extended beyond it. The mere man of the world, whose soul is absorbed in the single idea of money-getting, has no room in it for any abstract feeling. He may be operated upon by external circumstances like other men. He may love his wife and children, and be deeply interested in all that concerns them; but it is only because their happiness is identified with his own. His sympathies take no flight beyond the narrow circle of these selfish regards. He is not moved by that glorious spirit of philanthropy that prompts men to sacrifice their own personal enjoyments to administer to the felicity of others, nor can he appreciate or conceive those mental sublimities that distinguish the literary character. But with those who task their mental energies for the diffusion of knowledge, the case is singularly different. They lavish their resources with so unsparing a hand; they diffuse



the result of their labours so liberally for the benefit of others; and they are so incessantly employed in collecting and distributing their treasures; that they are not only often regardless of their own interest in a worldly point of view, but they fail to apply the result of their knowledge to the advantage of themselves. To reflect and to do,—to confine the powers of the mind to some contemplated point of action, and never to deliberate without the intention of practically deciding,—is the usual plan of those who are engaged in the realities of life; but literary men often think only, and never act. They reflect themselves, to spare the trouble of reflection to others; and it is somewhat too much to look for moral perfection, correctness of judgment, and all the real and imaginary attributes of excellence in the same individual.

The opinions that are sometimes formed of the personal appearance of authors are equally remote from truth. There are some people who cannot separate mental from physical power, and with them a great writer must be a tall man. They are critically nice in their guesses of a writer's age, complexion and stature; they are skilled in the colour of his hair, the shape of his head, and the length of his nose; and if, instead of being introduced to a fine comely personage, the object of their curiosity prove a mean-looking, diminutive being, they are woefully disappointed. Others are no less positive as to the expression of his countenance. This is a point, on which it would seem impossible they should err. An intellectual man must have an intelligent physiognomy. The soul that is incessantly employed in the search of wisdom must diffuse at least a portion of its intelligence over the features. They have forgotten the portraits of Goldsmith, Johnson, and many of the brightest constellations in the literary hemisphere. For my part, I have learnt to expect authors to be mentally and corporeally compounded like other men. I acknowledge to have little respect for the man who is always playing a character, and never discourses after the fashion of this world. I wish him to be an author in his works, and a bookworm in his library, but to be neither in the promiscuous intercourse of society. I love one who understands and enjoys the socialities of life; who can be serious with the grave, and lively with the gay; who can shake off the rust of the philosopher and the pedant, and can descend from the stilts of wisdom, to partake the sports of children or the amusements of maturity.

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## The Encounter.

—  
Ah ! life unhappy ! destin'd thus to meet !

FALCONER.

—  
**FRANK** Witherington was the second son of a clergyman of the established church, who possessed a living in a large commercial town near the mouth of the River Mersey, where the subject of the present sketch

" ..... first drew

The breath which made him wretched."

The reverend gentleman was a character of considerable notoriety, far from destitute of energy or ability in the pulpit, but remarkable in private life for addictions not strictly clerical. No man was better skilled in the science of farriery, or the noble mystery of rearing and worming dogs; in the laws of the turf, or the nineteen rules of coursing, as laid down by that accomplished sportsman, the Duke of Norfolk. None possessed a more exquisite memory for whist, a more profound knowledge of the chances in every species of game, or a head of more heroic endurance at the genial festivals of Bacchus. Like Shallow and Falstaff, he had heard "the chimes at midnight," and was equally delighted to render his aberrations his boast. His lady, a dame of accommodating temper and easy virtue, made no effort to reclaim this wandering shepherd of a neglected flock, but contented herself with now and then protesting in his absence how deeply such levity shocked and afflicted her, a distress, which, with every other, she was graciously relieved from by the king of terrors, who, one evening, during the preparations for a card party, called unexpectedly and adorned the parsonage front with a scutcheon and shell.

The eldest son, a boy of a lively and generous disposition, was seized with the prevailing mania for naval glory, obtained the rank of midshipman, and fell by a shot from a Danish gun-boat in the grand affair before Copenhagen. Poor Frank alone remained; he was placed at school in a small village, a few miles northward, and there the being who at this moment saddens with a

thousand recollections of the boyish union he is about to relate, first knew and esteemed him.

Even at that early period, Frank indicated a mind of strong and varied powers; a quickness of apprehension; perseverance which would have rendered dullness itself successful, and a judgment which never permitted him to waste his powers on trivial or unworthy pursuits. His nature was generous, though not social; humane, though quick to resent, and imbued with a poetical spirit of romance, which through life he always evinced a repugnance to acknowledge. Better calculated, indeed, to inspire admiration than instil kindness, he had no sympathy in the childish sports which awakened the little energies of all beside; and in the consciousness of superiority, deserted us for lonely wanderings amidst the wildest parts of the surrounding country. For a considerable period, the favourite haunt of his seclusion had baffled our most impertinent curiosity, but, mortified by his steady rejection of every overture of fellowship, we resolved, as the readiest means of irritating and embarrassing the little hermit, to dog him to his retreat, and force upon him the society from which he fled. Beyond the moor and meadows that skirted our little village, lay a range of hills luxuriantly crowned with heath, and at length sloping gently down the beach, whose smooth, yellow sand swept away on either hand in those beautiful curves formed by the many petty creeks and bays, in which the weary waves of the Atlantic "retire to gleam at rest." In the wildest part of these hills, rose one of a singularly grotesque and romantic aspect; it bore some patches of livelier verdure than its brethren, and was entirely cut off from them by a stream which flowed round it on all sides, generally shallow and petty, but at this period considerably augmented by recent thunder showers. This very spot was the favourite retreat of Frank, to which he had hitherto resorted with such successful secrecy. He had forded the stream, sunk a cavern to a considerable depth in the hill, and stored it with the sole companions of his solitary hours, books, mathematical instruments, and a pair of globes. In this desolate residence, furnished in the true spirit of Epictetus, a rusty lamp being the only household article, the eccentric boy had habituated himself to seclusion from the world, busied in projects of scientific attainment, and surrounded only by

"The silence that is among the lonely hills."



A successful spy conducted us to the spot, and we were advancing in discreet silence to carry it by surprize, when in an instant, the head of our young recluse appeared at the mouth of his cave ; but on beholding us, as instantly vanished again. To act with indecision however, was no part of his character : in another moment he stood again before us on the side of the hill, evidently boiling with rage, which a loud and insolent exertion of our youthful lungs by no means tended to ameliorate, and he warned us in indignant terms to attempt a nearer molestation at our peril. Regardless of this threat, my companions began to strip for the ford, and in the ardour of the moment, I was about to plunge in, like Cassius into the Tiber, " accoutred as I was, and bid them to follow," when a missile of some description, probably a large pebble, arrested my progress by a blow on the forehead, which caused intolerable anguish, and was succeeded by almost instantaneous insensibility : the prospect danced before me, and I fell headlong into the stream, which, just before, I was on the point of fording so triumphantly. How long my agreeable trance continued is not for me to declare ; but on recovery, I found myself within the walls of the citadel, and to my infinite chagrin, in the arms of the besieged, who watched my gradual return to consciousness and sensation, with a feeling of intense agony pictured in his countenance, and a wild anxiety of manner that at once amazed and alarmed me ; nothing, in fact, could exceed the horror of his remorse, on contemplating the alarming effect of his rash anger, and though more perhaps than the reader may have anticipated, it is certain that from this simple occurrence a friendship grew between us of a nature less transitory and fickle than the generality of boyish unions. Years glided away : the paths of more active life lay before us, and Witherington and I were at length compelled to separate ; from time to time information reached me of his increasing prosperity, and finally that he was on the point of marriage with a lady of estate, beauty, and accomplishments. I wrote to him at a subsequent period, but no answer reached me ; a second epistle shared the same silent fate, and with an indignant exclamation against the instability of human attachments, I determined to forget, if possible, that such a being had ever existed.

In the autumn of — chance made me a resident of Tynemouth, a village on the Northumbrian coast, situated on an eminence



that commands a noble prospect of the sea. I was an utter stranger, but endeavoured to supply the want of society by a communion with Nature and her works, and to pride myself, like Scipio, on being "never less alone, than when alone." In whatever merely requires our own approbation, we soon flatter ourselves we have succeeded; and in my solitary wanderings upon the beach, amidst the immense fragments of rock shattered from their parent-masses by the tempests of ages, and now bearded with tang and sea-weed, I imagined that I had sheathed myself for ever in indifference to the petty beings, who toiled, and fretted, and smiled, and played the villain, in the busy world around me; that the love of Nature in her wild and solitary beauty, would be a feeling ripe and predominant within one, at a period when our avidity for the pursuits of gain and pleasure begins fast to decay, and when the fondest of those attachments, to which we give the designation of friendship, has perished in the storms of adversity, or is silently hastening to a calm and unregarded death,

"Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
When heaven was mute tranquillity."

One evening, returning in that pensive, meditative frame of mind which at all seasons it is more congenial to my nature to indulge than dissipate, my steps naturally took the path that conducted to a scene most in harmony with the feelings of the hour, and brought me at length before the sombre gateway of the castle. The jealous cares of antiquity are no more; there was neither bugle to wind, nor portcullis to raise; and sauntering unobserved through the arched portal, I crossed the court-yard, and in a few moments stood among the venerable ruins of Tynemouth Priory. These vestiges of the olden time are the remains of a once majestic structure, founded by Oswald King of Northumberland, and rise from a bold projection of cliff, commencing on one hand the sweep of the harbour's mouth, and terminating on the other the indented line of a small inlet called Prior's Haven. In stormy weather, the waves break among the riven fragments scattered at its base, in thunder, and dash their foam to its very brow. Crowning such an eminence, the ruins have an aspect of peculiar grandeur, and from the sea impress a spectator at once with sensations of awe and melancholy; but to him, who, in the twilight of a calm and beautiful autumnal evening,

wanders through their black and broken arches, and tramples on the dust of cloisters, long wasted by the tyrannous breath of the keen sea-breeze, the place

"Becomes religion, and the heart runs o'er  
With silent worship."

Round the almost extreme edge of the cliff a wall is raised, and from hence to the boundary of the castle yard, the space is appropriated to the silent habitations of those whom the poor sexton has pressed the sod over for ever. The tributary erections of simple sculpture, indicating and adorning these melancholy abodes, in which, at one period or other, all must lie down and be at rest, added another feature of solemnity to the scene, compensating perhaps for the too immediate vicinity of the fortress, and the presence of a centinel, whose appearance at intervals rather tended to destroy, in a feeling or romantic mind, some portion of the general effect. I sat, or rather reclined on the broad flat slab of one of these, and gazing around, gave myself up to the winning influence of the scene and hour. The stillness was not unbroken, but the sounds that violated it were in themselves soothing and impressive; the melancholy cry of the sea-mew, the long murmur and faintly audible dash of the tide below, and the low wail of the breeze rustling the thick weeds and grass that sprung over the tombs. Evening was far wasted; and the long, dark shadows thrown by various masses of ruin, here consisting of two almost entire sides of the church of the convent, and those of detached portions that "seemed only not to fall," contrasted finely with the yellow lustre gleaming and fading imperceptibly on such parts as looked to the west. Absorbed in thought, I passed from reverie to reverie, now contemplating the superstitious and dark character of the age in which the venerable pile before me had arisen, and now reverting to the many ridiculous legends of the worthies of those days, transmitted from sire to son, with all the veneration of ignorance, and yet listened to by the vulgar with avidity. My loquacious hostess had not [failed to amuse me with a succession of these the very evening of my arrival, and in particular with a relation of the mysterious horrors of "tingling Geordie's hole," which elegant and high sounding appellation I found was bestowed on a vaulted passage in the rocks, supposed to have connection with subterranean pas-

sages of the priory, and to have been formed as a means of secure escape from the fury of the rapacious Danes. It issued, however, almost on the verge of a cliff that looked fearfully on the broken strand, and by no means tempted ascent from below. Imagination had been busy with it, of course, and I was told of an immense treasure, spell-bound in its windings, guarded by supernatural beings in the opposite shapes of a raven and a huntsman, with other absurd embellishments. The story, upon the whole, not a little resembles the Legend of Franchemont Castle so poetically related in "Marmion," and struck with the coincidence, I turned involuntarily to cast a glance upon the spot, when my eye was arrested in its passage over "the place of thousand tombs," by an object at a short distance, dark and indistinct, but resembling a human form, in a bent or sitting posture. Prompted by a vague curiosity, I advanced a few paces, and plainly discerned the figure of a man seated upon a grave stone, his face buried in his hands. The attitude, simple as it was, had something of indescribable interest in it, and struck me as finely in unison with the solemnity of the scene. Of age or rank, I could judge little, but the momentary impression upon me was that of youth and dignified misery. Fancy will fill up the merest outline in her own way, and mine had finished her work upon the being before me in an instant, when I resolved to know how far she was correct, and accordingly advanced at a slow pace towards him. At the rustle of my steps among the grass, he started and changed his position; but on the brief salutation with which I ventured to disturb his reverie, rose abruptly, with an appearance, as I imagined, of agitation and embarrassment; I could almost have concluded he was supporting himself by one of the tombs, and with some trifling exclamation hastened to offer assistance, when he darted from the spot like a stricken deer, hurried through the ruins, and was lost momentarily in the gloom. Singular as his conduct appeared, I felt no unwillingness to consider it in a light otherwise than serious and melancholy, and on quitting the priory, resolved to obtain if possible some knowledge of the being, whose manner and appearance, (transitory as had been my glimpses of both) so highly interested me.

Our night and morning ideas sometimes differ materially upon the same subject, and the next day I felt disposed to humour my curiosity no further. "If he is unhappy," I considered, "his



seclusion is sacred ; and why should my officious impertinence attempt to break upon it ? Nay, why should I, who a few hours ago vaunted an indifference to the whole world, become suddenly, and I know not wherefore, interested in a stranger ? Perhaps a madman, who answered my politeness as if I had stood before him with crape and pistol, and is no more to me than I am to Hecuba. I'll think of him no further ;" which sage determination I kept by immediately visiting my landlady's apartment, and questioning her with all the curiosity of a *femme-de-chambre*. The good lady assumed a mysterious air, and proceeded to delight me with a long list of the various persons whom she felt convinced it could *not* be, but at length recalled to memory a "canny man," utterly unknown to every creature in the village, and living at the northern end of it, heaven and his hostess only knew how. This might or might not be him. I made a fresh resolution to crush my curiosity, and with equal consistency visited the priory every night, scrutinizing every stranger that approached, but for a considerable time in vain. At length, however, I saw, or imagined I saw, the same object seated in almost the same place and posture as before. He seemed to recognize me, even in the distance, and immediately evinced his former aversion to all colloquy by making a hurried circuit to the wall, and from thence suddenly striking among the ruins. I took several turns, in the hope of encountering him ; and on passing his favourite seat, was attracted by something lying near the edge of the slab ; it was a pocket book, and I possessed myself of it with an avidity almost inconceivable. The first impulse was to regain my apartment, and examine my treasure ; the second, to return it to its owner in an honourable ignorance of the contents ; and the latter predominating, I traced out the residence of the solitary on the following morning, preparing myself for an interview, which perhaps there was little reason to imagine he would favour me with.

The door was opened by a child of eleven or twelve, miserably squalid and unclean in appearance, but, indeed, only in unison with the scene that presented itself on my entrance ; a wretched, confined hovel, the mere smell of which was insufferable, and enveloped in smoke that perhaps kindly hid from me objects equally disgusting to the sight ; another child, younger, and, if possible, still more repelling in appearance than the first,



lay grovelling just within the threshold upon the sloppy floor, apparently delighting itself with plashing among the puddles collected in the interstices of the broken bricks. The little urchin scrambled away on my approach, and leaped upon something heaped confusedly in a corner, probably bedding. A decrepid being, who had once borne the resemblance of a female, but so arrayed that it was now almost impossible to recognize it, appeared to be preparing something over the fire, and on turning for a moment, displayed a bleared and loathsome visage, in which the channellings of age were begrimed with irremovable filth. On making known the purport of my visit, I was told in an accent of broad Northumbrian, to "follow the bairn;" and crossed this delectable apartment to a staircase, black with age and decay, and of which several steps were broken; we reached the landing-place, and my little conductress pushing open a door, left me immediately, to introduce myself to the solitary as I might. The room, if such it might be called, was small, ill-shaped, and scarcely less miserable than the one I had just quitted; less incommoded with smoke, but pervaded with a faint, close, and unwholesome scent, that at once oppressed and disgusted me. There was an aspect of unspeakable wretchedness about the place, which I had never before witnessed, but at a later period might have recalled to me the lines of our inimitable Crabbe,

"I passed a narrow region, dark and cold,  
The strait of stairs to that infectious hold,  
And when I entered, Misery met my view  
In every shape she wears, in every hue!"

At one end appeared a pallet, on which the rough indifferent child of health and labour might indeed find repose, but ill adapted to the feverish and broken slumbers of an invalid. On the other, a small window with scarcely an entire pane, admitted light, and near it, in a kind of old-fashioned settee sat the object of my visit, apparently engaged in perusing or assorting some old papers. He turned on my approach; but how shall I paint the horror, the anguish, the amazement of my soul, when in the emaciated and care-worn being before me, I recognized Frank Witherington! To speak, to look, to think, were for some moments equally impossible. I staggered to the walls of his dungeon, for such it appeared, and endured a temporary stupefaction of intellect. The abruptness of my appearance alone excited

his surprise, for doubtless he had known me in the ruins, and when, on collecting myself, I again ventured to look upon him, there was an expression in his sunken pallid countenance, of anguish struggling with pride, but subsiding almost on the instant into a ghastly serenity; his eye had a wild and melancholy light in it, and I heard his respiration grow short and thick: he spoke, and every tone fell upon my heart like the hand of death.

"Well, Mr. Stanley, You, you have traced me,—now your pleasure?"

*This* from the man I once so warmly loved, and now, instead of wealth and happiness, found encompassed with wretchedness and poverty, utterly deserted, and sinking to the tomb with irremediable disease, was horrible; no chair presented itself, and I sunk instinctively on my knee, to take the hand which for years had not been pressed in mine, and now, both to the look and touch, resembled a skeleton's.

"Can it be possible!" I exclaimed at last, "Can it be possible, Frank, that I see *you* thus?"

"Do you doubt the reality?" he replied: "I would *I* could! See *me* thus! And why not? Have you yet to learn, that there is no state secure from misery,—from misery as abundant as mine? If you have, leave me, and dwell no longer on a proof that may destroy the ignorance you are happy in."

"This from *you*, Frank!"

"From me? What can you, or the world, to which you will return with delight from this wretched hole, expect from one, who neither remembers, feels, nor hopes, except the injuries that have been heaped upon him, the miseries he has endured, and the grave that will shortly close over him for ever? Why seek him who has avoided you? Why intrude upon me, where I hoped to die without the last bitter insult of human pity?"

"For heaven's sake, Witherington, speak less wildly; my heart bleeds at every word you utter!" and at this instant the tears hitherto repressed gushed to my eyes. He seemed softened at the sight, and pointed to an old oaken chest; I drew it near and sat down. "Stanley," he said, in a voice less firm and less severe, "hungry ruin has long had me in chase. I have been hunted to this den of wretchedness like the wolf, and like the wolf, had resolved to die in silence: but to you my heart is not

yet quite shut. I thought it had been all marble, and have shunned you, but pride, it seems, is not my only remaining weakness. Yesternight, could I have foreseen this encounter, means should have been found to render it impossible; the surest means;—you would have visited a corpse. It would but have been voluntarily draining the cup, which in a few days the hand of fate will *force* to my lips. The world would call it suicide, —madness. But to that world I have long been dead, and have wished, nay, prayed, to expire unseen and unregarded by all that inhabit it. *You* are come to shew that my prayers were vain, to crush me into threefold degradation with your *pity*. Well, I can endure. Wait but a few moments, and you shall hear that I can. Wait but a few days, perhaps hours, and you will *know* that I can."

He rose with obvious difficulty, reached a small desk, resumed his seat, and drew out a packet of letters and memorandums.

"Here," said he in an altered tone, while his hand shook with emotion, and an expression of renewed agony glanced over his countenance. "Here are records, which but to remember have agonized me for years; records of human *virtue*, of woman's purity, and man's gratitude! God of mercy and justice! surely thy anger could scarcely fall upon me, did I even now call down imprecations on the guilty authors of these papers! Stanley! you that were once my friend,—you that can weep over my miseries; take these, read, and trust humanity afterwards if you can!"

I took the packet, and involuntarily attempted to unfold it.

"Not here," he exclaimed; "read when you are alone. You will there find the daggers that have struck upon my heart; you will there learn that my splendid marriage was worse than a bubble; that I have been the miserable dupe of guilty artifice; that the woman on whom I doated, fondly doated, dishonoured, plundered, and . . . But let me not name her, or the curse, I have long struggled to withhold, may fall at last from my dying lips. Oh! Stanley! there are conflicts of the soul that wear and corrode it faster than toil and disease can prey upon the body. Such conflicts have worn and withered me. Look upon me, and say if this emaciated frame can suffer more!"

As he uttered this, in a tone that thrilled me with anguish, I remembered his rapidity in the ruins and surveyed him with as-



tonishment; but a fever had since made its ravages upon him, and he was indeed worn and emaciated.

"Just heaven!" I said, "and you are perishing without an effort for life! Perishing too in this loathsome dungeon. I conjure you, Frank, by the recollection of our past pleasures, by the kindness you once professed for me, let me immediately send for a physician, and....."

"What!" he exclaimed, interrupting me, "when the arrow is in the victim, you would snap the bow-string. A physician! wherefore? To prolong this sickly dream of existence? To linger upon the rack of thought a longer space, that even the pittance I have hoarded to purchase me a grave may be wrung from me? No; I have no more, for physician, wife, or friend to plunder me of."

"Nay, nay," I replied, "you must not think thus. I will hasten instantly and prepare a fitter residence; you must, you shall comply."

"Stanley," he answered, fixing his glassy eye upon me with a look of ghastly resignation, "I must and will die *here*."

"At least," I returned, "you will not forbid me to attend you, or refuse the medicines I shall procure: this at least....."

"This at least you must never mention to me more. Have I struggled with indigence for years, to accept the mite of charity when the struggle is nearly over? No, let me expire on the pallet of independence; let me give up my wretched breath in this congenial room of misery:—hovel or dungeon, call it what you will, I have paid for it, and it is mine."

"Dreadful misanthropy! You were young, Frank, and the world's thousand paths lay before you. Indigence! and with such powers of mind! Your writings were once admired: why not have rendered them subservient to your support? Ability like yours must soon have raised you to competence and fame."

"Fame!" he repeated.—"Stanley, open the chest you sit upon, and look at the lumber it contains. Fame! yes, I have had that dream too! But it is gone. You will know all my weakness soon. Look there: that manuscriptal trash was my earliest effort to secure a subsistence, look where it lies! Fame! Of these labours of my idleness I have long meditated the destruction; they still exist, and, if the gift excite not your contempt, are yours. Preserve or destroy them, which you will; or let them,"



he added with a bitter smile, "let them have a fate still more degrading, give them to the world."

I took the writings from the retreat they had long occupied, and after a vain endeavour to calm the mind of their unhappy writer, and fruitless entreaties for permission to prolong or repeat my visit, returned with a heavy heart to my apartment, and looked upon life with horror.

For several successive days, I repeatedly attempted to procure another interview with my unfortunate friend; but on knocking, a small window was constantly opened, and the female I before mentioned as constantly intimated the refusal of her dying lodger to admit me, by shaking her matted locks, and muttering her anger at my pertinacity in unintelligible terms. On my last attempt, the door was immediately opened, and I ascended the hovel's broken staircase unquestioned, but with melancholy forebodings and a dark presage that the last pang was over. One glance into that room of sorrow realized all; and in another moment, I stood by the lifeless remains of the only human creature, whose existence could then have palliated the bitterness of mine.

Let those, who have bent over the corpse of their first, last, and dearest associate, imagine with what sensations of anguish I took the clay-cold hand of that unfortunate, and pressed it to lips almost as chill and bloodless as his own! He had expired the preceding night; the fever, which till then had slowly wasted him, having yielded to the fiercer progress of an ague; and I reflected, with horror, that the violence of his emotions on our last interview might have quickened the consummation I now so bitterly deplored. The features yet bore some impression of the final struggle, and the eyes, once vivid with intellectual lustre, now asked the cold pressure of a coin on each to close them in their slumber of eternity. The aged matron had composed his limbs, and performed with decency the chief of those last sad offices, one creature of the dust can render to another.

Unhappy Witherington! have long striven with adversity, but my bitterest tears were shed upon thy tomb! He lies in the burial ground of the ruined priory, near his favourite haunt; and awakens not in the bosoms of those, who wander over his narrow bed, one recollection of tenderness, one emotion of sympathy: 'tis the grave of a nameless stranger, and they pass on!

J. G. G.

ON DAVID'S PICTURE OF

**The Coronation of Napoleon.**

THE very *modest* description of this picture, or rather of the circumstances connected with its production, having fallen into our hands, we were somewhat anxious to obtain a glance of it; and who will be surprised at our curiosity when we tell them, that it is announced in this description as the *celebrated* picture of the Coronation, and that this *celebrated* picture was painted by M. David, the *first* painter to the Emperor? In addition to this, we are informed that it is the *largest* picture in the *known* world;—that it is the result of no less than *four* years' labour;—that Canucini, the *prince* of the Roman school, in taking leave of the author, uttered these remarkable words, *Adio, il pia bravo pittore di scholari ben bravi*;—that Canova, on account of its transcendant merit, proposed and obtained for its author an *honorary* distinction from the Academy of St. Luc (which are as cheap, we believe, as degrees at Edinburgh);—that the King of Wirtemberg could not be persuaded but the author had worked with a *sunbeam* attached to his pencil;—that Napoleon himself, used to uncommon sights, when he beheld it was so overwhelmed with gratitude on account of its unrivalled excellence, that he pulled off his hat, bowed profoundly, raised his voice, and said to M. David, "*I salute you*;"—that the allied sovereigns, when at Paris, and all ranks and all classes of society, joined in a similar tribute of admiration;—and last, though not least important to be known, the Turkish ambassador requested to be excused the honour of a niche in a Christian temple, but his religious scruples were overcome by the address of the painter or somebody else, and that Cardinal Caprara wished of all things to have his wig on, but the painter taking a fancy to his bare pate, or the contour of his *ossa brigmatis*, as we artists say, doffed it *sans ceremonie*. Now, after reading all this, who can wonder at our putting on the wings of desire, and flying as straight as a bird pregnant with the most delightful anticipations? But as the pious, patient patriarch said in

olden time, man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, and in the pain of our disappointment we found an additional corroborative to the millions that have preceded it of the truth of the good man's remark. We could not see why it was so celebrated; we could not perceive the masterly touch of the first painter to an Emperor; we could not discern the advantage it derived from four long years of labour, nor the fitness of Camuccini's compliment, nor the desert of the honorary reward of St. Luc. To us, the King of Wirtemberg's sunbeam appeared a little murky, and Bonaparte's "I salute you," a jest. Nor was it diminished when we brought to remembrance the fame of the painter, of whose pictorial powers the humblest pretender to *virtù* in Europe had heard over and over again, or the exploits of the extraordinary character who had played so conspicuous a part in the important scene that the picture was intended to commemorate; who, in ten short years, had travelled over the immense space that divided his original obscurity from the public and elevated situation that he was about to assume, whose sweetest music was the cannon's roar, and to whose eye the banner of France, unfurled on the battlements of a foe, appeared the most delightful vision; whose life, from the time he crimsoned the Adda with Austrian blood, till Prussia cowered beneath the withering glance of the imperial eagle upon the plains of Jena, was pregnant with incident and gorgeous with glory; whose name seemed a spell that paralysed the mental and physical energies of his foes, so that to secure a victory it appeared only necessary to proclaim that Napoleon was come; who smote with his heel his personal enemies with as much facility as he smote with his hand those of his country, and whose address in council was only surpassed by his promptitude in the field. We must confess that such a man appeared to us a genius well calculated to irradiate genius, and charm into day powers almost supernatural; and as the event to be embodied might be considered the Corinthian capital to the pillar of glory the warrior had reared, so we calculated that its representation would form a suitable crown to the artist's fame. But we calculated erroneously, if we may judge from the success that has attended the attempt; for there is neither gusto, design, composition, nor colouring, sufficiently good to allow us to rank it in the first class of the graphic art. The number of figures introduced amounts to 210,



eighty of which are seen at full length. Now we will venture to assert, that out of this large assembly there is not one gentleman that could be selected, whose figure or face is calculated to disturb the peace of fair lady's bosom; and on the other hand, subtracting the charms of the Empress and Madame Lavalette, there is not a female introduced, whose beauty does not fall infinitely below the standard that every shop-boy has raised in his fancy, by which he adjusts the personal charms of his future mistress. If we were to place Sir William Curtis by the side of the clumsy figures and disagreeable countenances of Cambacères, Duke de Plaisance, and Talleyrand, he would appear a downright Apollo, and in comparison with the grand master of the ceremonies, Comte Segur, Liston is a very Adonis. As to Murat, he is a cut-purse in appearance,—ferocity and ugliness personified,—and the personal dignity of Bonaparte upon a par with that of Frederick the Great. Now, without saying anything about the rule of art, which clothes the principal person in the scene with dignity, such a representation of this extraordinary man is a violation of fact; for, from all the paintings and statues and accounts, written and oral, the reverse may be gathered, and we may be said to know that in his person there was beauty, and in his manners dignity.

Why there should be such a paucity of ladies we cannot tell, for we never heard that the Emperor sent them to the wars. Beside the two dames d'honneur and the Empress, there are only Bonaparte's three sisters, and two other female relatives, that are taking any part in the solemnity, and they are placed *à la file*, repugnant to every principle of sound taste; and what is worse, their faces, which gallantry will not allow us to suppose any other than handsome, are obscured by an "envious cloud,"—are thrown completely into shadow. Indeed, three parts of the personages introduced labour under this disadvantage; the reason is hard to divine; but we suppose the artist apprehended that the light which he threw upon his principal figures would receive additional splendour by contrast; but the trick has failed, for flatness and tameness and meanness abound in spite of it. The bad grouping of the Emperor's sisters is not the only defect of that description of which we have reason to complain. The formal disposition of Madame the Emperor's mother and her household is equally offensive; uniformity in architecture may



be, and is an excellence ; but to arrange the dexter and sinister halves of the human figure alike in all respects, as we do the two wings of an edifice, is a new principle of composition, with the beauty of which we have not yet become acquainted. We are aware that it is a very difficult task to vary the positions of such a number of figures to advantage, but this is the reason why it should be accomplished : success in surmounting difficulties is the mark by which we distinguish great artists from little ones. There is also considerable meanness about the back ground, that sorts ill with the grandeur of the occasion. The curtains that are disparted between the centre arch are quite unroyal : from their sparing dimensions, one might be led to imagine that the silk *racolta* or the treasury of France had failed. About ample drapery there is such a magnificence, that one cannot help wondering how any artist could miss so favourable an opportunity for its introduction. As to the figures in the back ground, it is difficult to convey a sense of what we felt at witnessing them ; there is a commonness, a want of life about them ; they appear mere paste-board men and women, and reminded us too strongly of the good folks that were painted to witness King Elliston's coronation at Drury Lane Theatre ; and we hazard nothing in saying, that there is not a fourth-rate artist in England that would not be ashamed to own them ; we shall perhaps be told that they are enveloped in the mist of distance, and that the interposition of the atmosphere produces the effect of which we complain ; no such thing ; distance softens the outline and harmonizes the colours, but here the outline is not softened nor the colours harmonized, but a harsh blankness is substituted, producing an effect that nature disowns. We think we could point out some instances of bad drawing, but we are tired of finding fault, and shall therefore hasten to say what we can in commendation. The Pope's face is expressive and well painted, and the nephew to the Pope, who stands next but one to his uncle, is more palpably and naturally coloured than any other personage in the piece ; but the most perfect figure is the Empress ; her face, her form, and her drapery are alike beautiful ; the ermine and the folds are masterly ; and to display her fine symmetry to such advantage, surrounded by such ample involutions of satin and velvet, was a difficult task happily surmounted, and compels us to forget that Josephine was not quite so young and so beautiful, although her son Beauharnois

is hard by, to put us in mind of the contrary. To sum up its merits in few words,—the painting manifests a combination of opposite qualities : there is some strength, but more weakness ; some grace, but more deformity ; some magnificence, but more meanness ; some beauty, but more, infinitely more ugliness.

The writing of these remarks has occasioned feelings both of pleasure and of pain. The former arose from the conviction that if this painting was the best that the principal artist of France could produce, it was very far from equalling the best performance of the first painter in England ; and so persuaded are we of our position, that we take it without fear, reserve, or hesitation. Now one of two things must have happened : either France must have retrograded, or England must have advanced in the fine arts. The former is not likely ; the latter is. With the admirable specimens, excellent opportunities, and liberal patronage enjoyed by the students of France, it is not likely that she could have retrograded ; but there may be reasons, notwithstanding all these advantages, why she has remained stationary ; vanity we believe to be one, and the imbibing wrong principles another ; but England has had her advantages, as well as France, which have not been neutralized by conceit, or rendered abortive by an ignorance of the real object of art. Conscious that she was inferior to other nations, she has exerted herself for sixty years to obliterate the reproach ; and it is her felicity, at the present day, to find by comparison that her laudable exertions have been crowned with success. Our pain arises from the necessity that has been imposed upon us of speaking as we have of the performance of a foreign artist, and had it come from the hand of unassuming imbecillity, we should have spared ourselves that pain, by not speaking at all. But M. David is at the head of the French school ; and in the capacity of chief must disdain to sue for quarter. The question then is not whether our remarks are severe, but whether they are just.

S.

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## The Cormorant.

A CIVIC SKETCH.

I do not like to see a table ill spread,  
Poor, meagre, just sprinkled o'er with sallads,  
Slic'd beef, giblets, and pigs' pettitoes;  
But the substantial. Oh! Sir Giles, the substantial!

NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

I AM one of those negative beings, who are termed moderate eaters; and am silly enough to consider food as a mere essential to our existence. I have no sympathy for the fat-kidney'd glutton of eighteen stone, who seems only born to eat; whose whole life is made up of epicurean anticipations and recollections, and who boasts of his achievements at a city feast, with the same ardour and delight, as a warrior recounts the towns he has sacked, or the prisoners he has taken. I am little skilled in the mystery of seasoned soups and made dishes; I am no adept in stews, sauces and gravies; I would rather dine on a plain joint than a ragout, and I prefer a plain piece of roast beef to all the devilry of a French kitchen.

Deputy Guttle, of our ward, was the very Heliogabalus of Candlewick; he was looked up to as the genius of gluttony, and was the Cook's Oracle on all occasions of public feasting. He was a walking cookery book; a living mass of culinary recipes. What a glorious bargain would Murray have made, had he contracted with him for only a tithe part of his gastronomic experience! The genius of Mrs Rundell would have never dared to emerge from the obscurity of an under-ground scullery, and Dr. Kitchener would have hid his diminished head in one of his own saucepans.

Eating appeared the sole aim and end of Guttle's existence; and his very dreams were decked with shadowy visions of lord-mayor's feasts and hall-dinners. He had a taste for the arts, and his rooms were hung with pictures of still life. Here, was a painting of a fine hare, a leash of partridges, and a brace of pheasants. There, a tempting collection of woodcocks, snipes, and plovers; and he professed himself an admirer of Morland, because he had sense enough to paint sheep, pigs, poultry and cabbages. He had little goût for sculpture; and would rather be the carver of a turkey than the chiseller of Psyche. Chantrey or Flaxman's skill yielded in his estimation to the scored turnips

and carrots that decorate the root of a neat's tongue, and there were more charms in the anatomy of an ortolan, than in the Elgin Marbles. He was partial to music, and would listen to the air of "Oh! the roast beef of Old England!" with undissembled rapture. He admired Mathews, too, ever since he saw him in the character of Mingle, and heard him sing that glorious gourmand's ditty.

Come tell me your taste, your taste and your price,  
And I'll suit you in a trice, &c.

"But after all," he used to say, "give me the music of knives and forks clinking in sweet harmony at a public dinner!" The very suspense was charming, when

With expecting gaze, their teeth well set,  
Their bread all ready, and their knives well set,

the hungry guests are awaiting the eventful moment of the appearance of the dishes.

He chose his wife for her skill in cookery, and delighted to expatiate on her perfections in pastry, pickles and preserves. It was a glorious sight to see him at the head of his own table.

The carver, dancing round each dish, surveys  
With flying knife, and as his art directs,  
With proper gestures every fowl dissects;  
A thing of so great moment to the taste,  
That one false slip had surely marr'd the feast.

But competent as he was to fulfil the duties of hospitality, it cannot be denied that he now and then envied the election of his guests, and was inconceivably mortified, when, in spite of his manœuvres and concealments, they chanced to hit upon the tit-bits he had marked out for himself. It was natural that he should feel *grieved* at parting with a *merry-thought*, and it would vex a gentler *bosom* to lose all chance of the *breast*. But he was not one to make a hasty selection. Often have I seen his eye "in a fine frenzy rolling," glance from dish to dish, wishing for all, yet fixing on none; dreading a disappointment, and coveting a mouth for each viand, that he might eat them all at the same time.

He was a man of weight in the ward,—and like many other great men, had eaten his way to office. He was an useful man; the parish officers respected him, and he served them. "He that bribed his belly was sure to command his soul;" so the advantage was reciprocal. He was charitable; for like Pope's Sir Balaam, he gave "farthings to the poor;" but woe to the peti-



tioner who disturbed him at his dinner : when his mouth was open, his heart was shut, and how could he be expected to think of the appetite of others, whose whole life was spent in administering to his own ?

I have met him about noon, taking his morning's walk to sharpen his appetite ; and anticipating the delights of dinner. On these occasions, I was usually marked out for a guest. " You must pick a bit with me ; there'll be only yourself and me and the alderman. Got a beautiful turbot, a charming pair of fowls, a delightful brace of snipes, and a glorious haunch of venison. Just a snug little dinner for three."—He was his own caterer ; and at Leadenhall, or Billingsgate was " as well known as Paul's." Profound was the respect with which he was regarded by the fish and flesh dealers of the metropolitan markets ; great was the delight which the sight of his rosy gills excited among the venders of the finny tribe ; for he was no scaly customer ; and the hearts of the poulterer and butcher expanded with joy, when he gladdened Leadenhall with his portly presence.

Philosophers have doubted whether anticipation, possession or recollection contributes most to the happiness of man. Guttle had the good fortune to relish the three ; and not the least in his catalogue of enjoyments was the recital of the good things he had devoured on some previous occasion. " Ha ! ha ! " said he to a friend, to whom he was pointing out the beauties of a turbot intended for that day's consumption ; " a glorious supper last night ! A superb supper ! All ducks. I'm very fond of ducks. There were eight of us ; and we had twenty. " I suppose, then," returned the other, " it was the anniversary of one of *Drake's* victories." There was a knot of gourmands with whom he was associated in a monthly club, instituted for the gratification of the palate. With what delight these veterans of gluttony would expatiate on the havoc they had made among turbots, turkies, and turtle soup ; raised pies, savory patties and marrow puddings ! One, who had figured in his day as a captain in the city trained bands, described his masticating achievements with true military precision. His eyes would glisten as he detailed " the order of the course," and he was never better pleased than when describing a regimental dinner after a field day. " Our first attack was on a tureen of turtle, that advanced in front. Dispatched it in a twinkling, with the assistance of only three subalterns. Turning my eye round to the left, espied Colonel Cauliflower engaged

on a roasted turkey; march'd my plate to his assistance, and succeeded in vanquishing the Alderman in chains. Captain Gobble, whose courage was proverbial in the corps, was so rash as to make his first sally on a sirloin. He stood to it manfully; but who could achieve such an enterprize single handed? I advised him to make his retreat, which he judiciously effected, demolishing in his progress a host of made dishes, ragouts, and fricasees. Just at this moment, observed Major Greedy dealing desolation among the game; a brace of partridges disappeared like a flash in the pan, and only seemed to rouse the energies of his appetite for fresh victories. Had a refresher of stewed pigeons and fricasseed cucumber, and marched to his aid just as he was attacking a fine hare. From that time we gathered our laurels in concert. Reconnoitred the movements of a pheasant, that had just received a wound in the breast from the knife of Lieutenant Lean; succeeded in capturing it, spite of the lieutenant's opposition, who wished for no partaker in his glory. Managed a ruse de guerre to decoy a fine grouse; and made a sortie on a brace of widgeons, concealed under the covered way of a raised pie. Got separated from my companion-in-arms, the valiant Major, and had nearly repented my rashness; but observing my distress, he opportunely advanced to my relief, and sticking his fork in the odd widgeon, ensured the victory. Was somewhat dismayed at the approach of a fine haunch of venison, hissing hot; but the looks of the Major reanimated me. Sharpened my knife with desperate courage and demolished three plate-fulls with the aid of rich gravy and currant jelly. The Major achieved wonders. Nothing now remained on the field but light troops, such as minced pies, savoury patties, custard puddings, jellies, blanc-manges, fruits and ices; cleared them all, took a plate of olives, and drank six bottles to the success of our next enterprize."

Alas! for all things human! Even Aldermen cannot eat for ever; and Deputy Guttle, who had devoured so much, was at last dished up for the table of the worms. Great was the grief of the gormandizing portion of the ward. The Alderman, to whom Guttle was a right-hand, lost his appetite, when he heard the news. The Gorging Club went into mourning, and hung the scene of their festivities with black as a testimony of their respect; and to evince the sincerity of their grief, they dined that day on plain rump steaks without oyster sauce, and annually pour out libations to the memory of the Cormorant.

R. A.

**Mark Adrian.**

## A POEM IN FOUR CANTOS.

I count little of the many things I see pass at broad noon day, in large and open streets. Nature is shy, and hates to act before spectators; but in unobserved corner, you sometimes see a single short scene of her's, worth all the sentiments of a dozen French plays compounded together.

.....  
 —Such were my temptations, and in this disposition to give way to them, was I left alone with the lady.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

## CANTO I.

'TWAS eve. The length'ning shadows of the oak  
 And weeping birch swept far adown the vale,  
 And nought upon the hush and stillness broke  
 Save the light whispering of the spring-tide gale,  
 At distance dying; and the measured stroke  
 Of woodmen at their toil; the feeble wail  
 Of some lone stock-dove, soothing, as it sank  
 On the lull'd ear, its melody that drank.

## 2.

The sun had set; but his expiring beams  
 Yet linger'd in the west, and shed around  
 Beauty and softness o'er the woods and streams,  
 With coming night's first tinge of shade imbrown'd:  
 The light clouds mingled, brighten'd with such gleams  
 Of glory, as the seraph shapes surround,  
 That in the visions of the good descend,  
 And o'er their couch of sorrow seem to bend.

## 3.

There are emotions in that grateful hour  
 Of twilight and serenity, which steal  
 Upon the heart with more than wonted pow'r,  
 Making more pure and tender all we feel;  
 Softening its very core, as doth the show'r  
 The thirsty glebe of summer: we reveal  
 More, in such hours of stillness, unto those  
 We love, than years of passion could disclose.

## 4.

The heavens look down on us with eyes of love,  
And earth itself looks heavenly; the sleep  
Of nature is around us; but above  
Are beings that eternal vigils keep:  
'Tis sweet to dwell on such! and deem they strove  
With sorrow once, and fled from crowds to weep  
In loveliness, as we perchance have done;  
And sigh to win the glory *they* have won.

## 5.

'Tis sweet to mark the sky's unruffled blue,  
Fast deepening into darkness, as the rays  
Of lingering eve die fleetly; and a few  
Stars of the brightest beam illumine the haze,  
Like woman's eye of loveliness, seen thro'  
The veil that shadows it in vain. We gaze  
In mute and stirless transport; fondly listening,  
As there were music in their very glistening.

## 6.

'Tis thus in solitude;—but sweeter far  
By those we love, in that all-softening hour,  
To watch with mutual eyes each coming star,  
And the faint moon-rays streaming thro' our bow'r  
Of foliage wreath'd and trembling, as the car  
Of night rolls duskier onward, and each flow'r  
And shrub that drops above us, on the sense  
Seems dropping fragrance more and more intense.

## 7.

Oh! then to turn and meet those speaking eyes,  
Darting their conscious light into our own  
With passionate force! To catch the half-drawn sighs,  
The breast's light swell perchance reveals alone;—  
To feel the throb of the soft hand that lies  
Prison'd in ours! and melt at every tone  
From lips of seraph-sweetness breathed.—Oh, Heaven!  
What transports to such moments hast thou given!



## 8.

Away, ye raptures ! Let me to my tale :  
'Twas eve, I said,—a lovely eve,—and now,  
While sounds were few, and twilight tints grew pale,  
And scarce the light leaf rustled on the bough ;  
MARK ADRIAN sought his long loved haunt, the vale ;  
And paus'd upon the last green hill, whose brow  
O'erlooked its windings,—here with dark woods fring'd,  
And softly there with sleeping rose-hues ting'd.

## 9.

Quick gush'd a fountain from grey crags, whose peaks  
Riven and rude and shrubless, jutt'd o'er  
The hush'd vale frowningly, with gleams and streaks  
Of yellow light far up their summits hoar,  
Making such scenes as the warm fancy seeks  
Of Poesy's enthusiast ; there to pore  
On Nature's page of wildness, and to hold  
Communion high with the august of old.

## 10.

Below, " nought living met the ear or eye ;"  
And voiceless there the fount in bright links wound :  
Nor haunt, nor home of mortal might ye spy,  
Far to the twilight landscape's utmost bound :  
Desolate and lone, one fabric lifted high  
Its grey tow'rs, flinging the tomb's aspect round ;  
Roofless and ruinous they soar'd, and made  
More deep and dark the solitude and shade.

## 11.

Ere down the steep path's labyrinth he hied,  
Long ADRIAN gaz'd ; and as the moon at last  
Streak'd with a silvery gleam the opposing side,  
Whose riven points yet deeper shadows cast,  
He mark'd a tall and dusky figure glide  
From jutting cliff to cliff, and downward fast  
Urge desperately its steps—a broad shade crost  
Its course at length, and in the gloom 'twas lost.

## 12.

But soon emerging thence, it came again  
On Adrian's eye, that track'd its dark descent  
At distance with keen gaze ; the shadowy glen,  
For which its dangerous course that figure bent,  
Gave to the passing traveller's anxious ken  
No habitable lure, nor dimly sent  
Thro' quivering spray and leaf the kindly ray  
Of taper to allure his downward way.

## 13.

And darkly now, o'er a projecting steep  
It bent—yet paused—as fearful to awake  
An echo on the stillness, settled deep  
Round the hush'd valley and its stirless lake ;  
Then, from the brink abrupt with headlong leap  
Sprang sheer, thro' mist and crashing bough and brake ;  
Quick plung'd the startled heron, and the grey  
Scared owl up-fluttering, shriek'd and soar'd away.

## 14.

In brief, this figure, shadow, sprite,—whate'er  
It was that ADRIAN gaz'd on, disappear'd,  
Not in a garb of fire, or on the air,  
As some romantic readers may have fear'd ;  
But midst the woods, that wav'd in darkness there,  
In whose proud tops her nest the wild-hawk rear'd ;  
This was no hour the stranger to pursue in,  
And downward ADRIAN stroll'd to the grey ruin.

## 15.

It was the wreck of a majestic pile,  
A convent in its days of youth ; but which  
Long years had worn and moulder'd : cloister, aisle,  
And oriel, carv'd in fret-work quaint and rich,  
(The Saxon was a grand, though gloomy style.)  
All roofless now, and from its pillar'd niche  
The statue, hurled by decay's fell rigour,  
Cut on the ground a very sorry figure.

## 16.

Indeed, it is a lamentable sight,  
    'Midst solemn scenes like that which I bepaint,  
To see those sacred things in such a plight;  
    Their chissel'd lineaments become so faint,  
We scarce can tell what they have been, aright;  
    A headless bishop or a noseless saint  
Look piteous; and those cherub-faces, chubby,  
Transformed to shapeless blocks, uncouth and clubby.

## 17.

Description's sweet to poets; but I fear  
    The world has been a little over-dozed:  
Suffice it, that the ruins mentioned here  
    Were picturesque and prettily disposed;  
Silence and solitude around,—a clear  
    And placid lake, on which the eye reposed  
Delighted; cliffs, banks, woods, and streams,—all these  
Made them, of course, romantic as you please:

## 18.

And in the dim and doubtful moonlight wore  
    An aspect of still loveliness, that wooed  
With a resistless grace the wanderer o'er  
    Its varied features, beautiful yet rude:  
Such scenes are Fancy's avour'd haunts, where more  
    She charms the mind with her delights imbrued,  
Making the head poetic, and the heart  
O'erflow with feelings it cannot impart.

## 19.

The very soul is rife with poesy then,  
    And love, and friendship! Three romantic things  
That cheat us visionary beings, men;  
    They look divine, and we forget their wings,  
Smit by their present loveliness! And when  
    The spell expires, and they depart, it brings  
A coldness down into the heart;—we sigh,  
With nought to hope and little more to die.

J. G. G.

### On Lord Russell's "Don Carlos."

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WHEN noblemen, throwing aside the privileges of their rank, *condescend* to become authors, and submit their patrician intellects to the judgments of the swinish multitude, they have a right to expect no greater indulgence from the critic, than the lowest labourers in the literary vineyard. Illustrious descent is a poor substitute for talent; "not all the blood of all the Howards" can atone for the absence of genius; and a dull book from a dull peer is as great a nuisance as the impertinent lucubrations of the veriest Grub-street scribbler. Indeed, the titled blockhead has less excuse than the pseudo poet of a garret; since the lord has no inducement to write but vanity, while the plebeian witling invokes the muses for his daily subsistence. We hope these remarks will not be misunderstood; they have no personal tendency—Lord Russell, we have heard, is a most amiable character; he is no Burke, but his parliamentary speeches are as pithy and eloquent as such things usually are, and if he will but abstain from writing tragedies or epic poems, his contemporaries will consider him a very creditable scion from the noble stock of Bedford.

The story of Don Carlos was adopted by a celebrated German dramatist as the subject of a tragedy, which, though wild and irregular, full of mawkish sentimentality and bombastical attempts at the sublime, is unquestionably the work of a powerful and original genius. Lord John would have acted judiciously had he paused ere he selected Don Carlos for his hero, and avoided trying a fall in the arena of literature, with the magnificently idea'd though heavy and inelegant Schiller. The conflict in an intellectual point of view resembles the strife of a giant and a dwarf; the German pours out his soul with the carelessness of conscious talent, and produces a play, which in spite of innumerable defects cannot be read without highly excited feelings of interest and admiration; while the English bard, whose temerity has no excuse because it was unnecessary; puts forth a non-descript sort of composition, which is drolly christened a tragedy; consisting of a succession of uncharacteristic tirades about liberty, and tyranny and the inquisition, and having little or no affinity to poetry except in the verbal arrangement; the work being beautifully printed in lines of ten syllables each! We are satisfied that had



the affair been given as plain prose, though the punctuation had appeared as at present, nobody would have thought of turning it into heroic lines; really, one might as well think of converting the leading articles of the *Times*' journal into a poem; and to hazard a passing conjecture, might not his lordship have fabricated the thing from the "shreds" of his maiden orations in Saint Stephen's chapel?

"Bards may be lords, but 'tis not in the cards,  
Play how we will, to turn lords into bards."

Nothing can be more injudicious than the plot of the English *Don Carlos*. Instead of his fatal attachment to the queen forming the prominent feature of the tragedy; that affecting circumstance, which is the only dramatic point in the real history, is left in the back-ground, and we are excruciated with an improbable fiction about heresy, and confessions of faith, and persecution, and a prosing etcetera of particulars, which none but a political or religious zealot can be expected to relish. In the German drama, Philipp has some plausible reasons for his unnatural conduct; but who can believe that a father would condemn his son,—his only son,—gifted with every quality likely to beget love, on such vague and ridiculous suspicions, as those on which the King Philip of Lord Russell pronounces the death of Don Carlos? The Elizabeth of the German dramatist appeals, and most successfully, to our hearts; her sorrows irresistibly claim our sympathies, and the tragic incidents of her unhappy life command and rivet our attention. The Elizabeth of our titled bardling, on the contrary, is a whining, imbecile sort of being, about whose fate we feel little curiosity, and whose afflictions have no power over our hearts. Then there is the Grand Inquisitor, a terribly repulsive personage, who is continually raving "in King Cambyses' vein," and committing atrocious villainies without a motive: such characters have no existence but in crazed imaginations; they have none of the healthy, flesh and blood air which accompanies real life, and convert what is meant for tragedy into mere farce. The rest of the agents in this meagre production are beneath notice, and excite no feeling but contempt. The worst writers occasionally blunder on pathos of incident and beauty of expression, but we may safely acquit Lord Russell of any such unconscious excellence; from the first scene to the last all is consistently stupid, and it is impossible with any justice to censure one passage more than another. We forbear to give quotations; the work has been generally read, and we are too merciful to expect our readers will

peruse it a second time. The public must judge, and their opinion will be elicited, when his lordship's next drama appears; in the meantime, we say of *Don Carlos*, as was said by the Roman satirist on a similar occasion,

" No blood from bitten nails this poem drew,  
But churned like spittle from the lips it flew."

### Lord Byron's "*Werner*."

" THIS play was neither intended, nor in any shape adapted for the stage," says the preface to this very singular production. Why then, was the narrative which it embodies thrown into a dramatic form? We are acquainted with no act of parliament which compels an author to mould his conceptions into a tragedy; yet it would appear, since Lord Byron publishes dramas which are confessedly unfit for representation, that he feels himself under some irresistible necessity of composing poetry on this particular model. We always thought that the chief excellence of a play was its aptitude for public exhibition, and that if it produced no effect on the stage, however admirable in a poetical point of view, the author was supposed to have failed in his chief object. There is nothing more highly finished in the language, than Addison's *Cato*, yet while it is universally praised as a poem, it is as generally condemned as a drama, on the ground of its unfitness for representation. The *Doge of Venice* is exquisitely beautiful as a piece of composition, and indeed is infinitely more powerful, even as an acting play, than any of its successors. The *Two Foscari* is feeble in all respects, and whether considered purely as a work of imagination, or as a dramatised history, is unworthy of the author's reputation. *Sardanapalus*, though abounding with splendid declamatory passages, is intolerably tedious, and nothing can be more silly than many of the incidents, particularly the moralizing fit which seizes the hero, when about to commit suicide. In the two last mentioned works, Lord Byron prides himself on his strict adherence to the unities of time and place; and in his preface seriously asserts, that though there may be a semi-barbarous something, (Shakespeare's *Othello* or *Macbeth* for example!) there can be no genuine tragedy where they are disregarded. Every man is of course entitled to the unfettered exercise of his judgment, but if he expects his opinion to have any weight while he opposes the notions of the rest of the

world, he should have the grace to be consistent with himself. It was a novelty, no doubt, to find the writer of *Don Juan*, and other literary enormities, standing forth as a stickler for the obsolete canons of Aristotle; but having favoured the reading and writing public with a formula for the composition of a legitimate drama, he should not have been the first to violate his own rules. Yet in a few "little months" after the appearance of *Sardanapalus*, in which, to avoid a breach of the unities, the most extraordinary expedients are resorted to, we have a production from the same hand as wild, as irregular, as utterly at variance with the proprieties of time and place, as any of the plays of Marlow. Lord Byron, however, is a literary Proteus; he delights in trying experiments; he is tired of pleasing his readers, and chooses to astonish by his paradoxical acuteness, when he might command our grateful applause by the honourable exertion of his surpassing genius. In his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, Lord Byron reviled Scott and other celebrated poets for their love of lucre, and plainly insinuated that their object in writing was pecuniary emolument rather than literary celebrity. The noble author's censures will now apply to himself, for it is impossible to read his recent productions without feeling that the writer had an eye to Mr. Murray's bank bills. In the course of a long prosing drama, we have a few dazzling manifestations of genius, and the rest of the work is made up of a dreary succession of dull, uninteresting dialogues, "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable," which might have been penned quite as notably by the most hacknied playwright of the age. Werner is of the German school of tragedy, horrors are accumulated on horrors, and the result is any thing but satisfactory. The plot, improbable and disgusting to the last degree, drags through five tedious acts "to a most lame and impotent conclusion." The characters are quite out of nature, and have no claim on our sympathies. Werner is a milk and water sentimentalist; Ulric, a gentleman with a shrewd tongue and a sharp stiletto. Of Stralenheim we may say "it was a pity to kill so capital a calf;" Gabor is a blustering Hungarian with a long sword, and Indenstein is the most pitiful jack-pudding we ever met with. The female characters are conceived in a much better spirit; Josephine is a high-minded, warm-hearted, devoted wife; she seems to have no idea of happiness distinct from her husband's, and all her hopes, fears and enjoyments have Werner for their centre. Much of the dialogue assigned to her is richly

poetical; and the passage, beginning "Oh! Tuscany, my own dear sunny land," is perfectly beautiful. The charm, however, of the tragedy, is the young, innocent, unconsciously lovely Ida; she is an exquisite personification of all that is amiable in woman, and when placed in contrast with the gloomy recklessness of Ulric, her unaffected sweetness insensibly finds its way to the heart. What can be more delightful than her burst of girlish pleasure at the festival? Such poetry forms a sufficient proof that the author's powers are not at all impaired; indeed, the impression which a perusal of Werner produces, is, not that he has lost any of his vigour or originality; but that he has grown careless of public opinion, or fancies his reputation secure without any further effort. May he be convinced of his error; or, if he despises contemporary praise, surely the applause of all time is an object "worth ambition." Why should Lord Byron write himself down? We have had enough of his lumbering dramas; too much of Don Juan and the Liberal; let him now turn to some nobler labour, (he cannot be at a loss for a subject,) and enrich his country and the world with the inestimable treasures of his vast intellect.

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A CHARACTERISTIC MEMOIR OF THE LATE

**Evan Evergreen, Gent.**

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EVAN Evergreen was a *pink* of a man, and the most inveterate horticulturist that ever made *debut* in the garden scene of the great drama of the world; at least, that ever made a debut on that part of its stage that is within the sound of Bow bells. Touch but the right chord, and our hero was off, like a balloon, out of sight in a twinkling. His brain was inflated with garden-gas, and any allusion to his favourite pursuit operated as a match to inflammable matter. "I love a garden," he would say, "always did, and always shall. It is indigenous to me." It is reported, that though fortuitous circumstances had planted his green soul where nothing green thrives, and condemned it to wander discontented through dirty courts and narrow alleys, yet his free and fragrant spirit was often known to roam at dawn of life beyond the sooty confines of its prison. To him White Conduit meadows were beauteous as Tempe's vale. "Ere his arms had seven years' pith," he deserted his tops and balls to spend the live-long day in this delightful spot. Sometimes, perched upon a style, his



greedy eyes would devour the ample prospect ; sometimes his little limbs would exhaust their strength in the pursuit of natural curiosities ; a butterfly

“ Would lead him on from flower to flower,  
A weary chase and wasted hour ; ”

and sometimes his dainty digits would be busily employed in cropping the wild bouquet, for in flowers his soul delighted ; and at that period of the day when the shadows begin to lengthen, little Evans would be seen trudging home under a sheaf of butterflowers and daisies, which for magnitude at least, would suffice for nosegays for my Lord Mayor's coachmen for twenty years to come. He was an extraordinary child, and you will think so as well as me, when I inform you, that either by a spirit of prophecy, or a sagacity perfectly unique, he precisely foresaw the nature of the reception his fond and anxious parents would accord him upon his return from these rambles, and deported himself accordingly. When, by this gift of second-sight, he beheld the disagreeable association of birch and breech, with winning address he would present his simple posy as a peace-offering, and thus the little rogue disarmed them of their thunder. Beside this taste, his spirit had a dash of the romantic in it. I have often heard him say, that at this season of his life, the story of the school-boys who were detected in plundering an apple orchard, was more to his *taste* than even the adventures of the far famed Robinson Crusoe. Whether it was the spoil or the spirit of the young freebooters that was most influential, I could never learn, but as soon as he was sent to boarding school, he became the hero of these plundering parties, to the great annoyance of the neighbouring farmer, and in open defiance of the most august personage in the village, I mean his schoolmaster. Young Evergreen did not make those advances in learning that his natural parts might have led one to expect. Dilworth and Cocker offered studies too insignificant for one who had read a few pages in the vast volume of Nature. At length, fourteen summers had waxed away, and he returned from school, laden with flowers ;—there were roses and poppies and carnations, in short, Flora's temple had been completely rifled. “ Such a magnificent bow-pot was never displayed in London before.” “ One day,” says Evan, “ my worthy father called me.” “ Evan,” says he, “ thou hast served one apprenticeship to thy nurse, another to thy studies, and thy mother and I have been talking about binding thee for the third and last time. My prince of pantiles, what trade wouldst thou like to be ? ” “ A gardener,

answered I, in a smart tone. What there was to dislike in my choice I have never learnt, but it extorted from the old gentleman a supercilious "humph!" and this observation: "When I was at your age I had a predilection for *water*, which is not uncommon, but this predilection for *land* appears to me rather hydrophobical. I think your mother and I can do better for thee." In three days, to my surprise, which could only be equalled by my mortification, I found myself a freeman of the Worshipful Company of Needle Makers, and received from the chamberlain the usual inaugural lecture. "Othello's occupation gone," said I to myself, whilst I affected to be satisfied with my excellent parent's selection; and now behold me perched in a shop as picturesque as a prison, while my poor heart responded "I can't get out," in pathetic unison with Yorick's bird. Finding this to be literally the case, I set about making my cage as unlike a prison as possible; I endeavoured to conceal all its wires by groundsel and ground-ivy; to speak without figure, I sowed scarlet runners at the windows, obtained some mould and garden-pots, and planted evergreens on every hand; placed hyacinths upon the chimney-piece all the year round, graced my breast with a nosegay as big as a cauliflower, and beguiled the tedium by painting my pots occasionally, reading Hervey's *Meditations among the Flowers*, and Abercrombie's *Gardener's Journal*, till the pendulum vibrated for the last time that seven years." This is the account poor Evan gave of his apprenticeship; what advances he made in his business does not appear, but his *gusto* for flowers was unabated, and this was the first opportunity afforded by the fates to indulge his ruling passion—how shall I describe his emotions? Reader! hast thou ever seen the dove launched from its cote? or the young colt transferred from the dreary stable to the blithesome meadow? or the spaniel unkennelled for the sport? If thou hast, thou wilt be able to form some faint idea of the te-to-tum evolutions of crazy Evan Evergreen upon this joyous occasion. After the paroxysm of freedom's fever had somewhat abated, he laid down plans for the guidance of his future life. He loved a garden to his soul; but this indispensable was rather hard to be obtained in London. Evan, who had collected a few "wise saws and modern instances," was wont to say, "if we can't do as we would, we must do as we can. If I can't have a garden, I can have a green-house at any rate." After he had obtained a snug concern, suitable to his business, which was not a hun-

dred miles distance from St. Dunstan's in the East, the back part of which looked out upon a pretty church-yard, he began to think of its decoration and embellishment. The door was painted green, the shutters were green, the window frames and eke the chimney-pots were green, and at each outward cell there were placed little green troughs with mould, out of which sprung gay and green shrubs that varied with the different seasons of the year. A parallel to the exterior could only be found within. His apartments were papered with a pattern of vine leaves and trellis work that wantoned over the ceiling, and displayed about the centre a clear blue sky, dashed here and there with a fleecy cloud,—the compartments of the windows were converted into aviaries, from the bottom of which arose various species of ever-greens; and by the help of artificials, his chimney-piece appeared the year round as gay as Covent Garden in spring time. His chairs were green, with green cushions, and his tables were covered with green cloth. The carpet, made at Wilton, was an humble imitation of a grass plot, and the window hangings and bed curtains were of green damask, displaying, when unfurled, the most curious rural devices. In fact, he lived in a *green-house*. This trouble being off his mind, he requested his domestic upon all occasions to wear green ribbons, which led him naturally enough to think of the fashion of his own attire. He had too much affection for his favourite colour to be long in determining the complexion of his suit, and indeed, too much taste not to perceive that if his plumage were any other hue, the bird and the cage would be out of keeping. Accordingly, the knight of the thimble was *listed*, to take the length, breadth, and circumference of little dapper Evan for a pea-green suit, with buttons and button-holes to match, add to this, a green pair of spectacles, a green pocket-handkerchief, a green silk umbrella, a bay leaf in his mouth and a nosegay at his breast, and you have the *tout ensemble* of Evan Evergreen. The little green man might be said to thrive, for curiosity brought multitudes to his shop. To every customer he handed a neat green card, and wrapt up the commodity they had purchased in a neat green paper, which led some superficial observers to consider him the hugest greenhorn possible; but those, who prided themselves upon their penetration, said they had good reasons for entertaining a very different opinion. They were both wrong; he was neither fool nor knave; the peculiarities that led them to such conclusions, were only the outward and

visible signs of the master passion of his soul. If it was hinted at, as it would sometimes be, he acknowledged the allusion, by exclaiming "I love a garden, always did, and always shall, it is indigenous to me." Feeling himself comfortable, little Evan began to entertain snug parties at his green-house. Upon these occasions he used to sport a handsome green table service. The principal dish was invariably a green-goose, served up with a bunch of greens, and mercy on the cook, if by any chance they had lost their pristine complexion. To do justice to our hero, I must mention here, that he always took care to keep the conversation green, and his pride was to send his visitors home in the green part of the morning. To say nothing of our enjoyments cloying by repetition, I shall merely remark, that our little man was not the *green man* and *still*; on the contrary, he was unceasingly restless after new sources of gratification.

He began to long for a bit of arable, which he might, like "Cincinnatus, awful from the plough," cultivate with his own hands. An acre and a half would be a compact little bit, and a mile and a half a snug little distance, thought he, and then his pregnant fancy anticipated the extatic pleasure of inhaling the fragrant fumes of a Spanish segar, and quaffing from the genial glass under the unsophisticated dome of heaven. He anticipated a luxury superior even to this, that of tending the seed he had sown, and the roots he had planted with his own hands, and marking their gradual increase. But the recollection that he must go twice that distance to obtain even the sight of a green field, operated as a ten per cent. discount on his embryo felicity; yet a garden was to him "the one thing needful," he therefore determined upon a survey of the delightful meadows and gentle declivities and modest precipices, (that is, precipices not over bold,) of Hoxton and Hackney and Homerton and Haggerstone and Holloway and Hornsey, and in short, of every green spot within three miles of the cockney's land mark; he even threatened to ransack Highgate and Hampstead, if nothing nearer could be obtained. Luckily, he met with what he was in search of, just where he wished to meet it, a pretty parcel of land, as an auctioneer would say, being situate upon a rising ground in a delightful valley, lying between Hornsey Wood and the New River. "How picturesque!" ejaculated Evan Evergreen, "a river on the right, animated doubtless by countless myriads of the finny tribes, from a minnow to a mackarel; a wood upon my left, that echoes with the gladsome strains of ten thou-



sand feathered choristers, from the treble of the linnet to the deep bass of the raven ; the sublime height of Highgate at my back, and the busy bustling Babel with her lofty tower, full in my front. I'll strike the bargain instanter ;"—and he did so. " Within a month, a little month," the spot was completely metaphorphosed. —There was a grotto, which served as a summer-house, to avert from his sedate friends the vertical beams of a meridian sun. Just by, a hermit with a book and a lamp, reposing under a fantastic alcove ; at the opposite extremity was a maze, whose mystic labyrinths were intended to puzzle and amuse his more juvenile acquaintance ; and between both, a lake in miniature was sunk, upon the gravel margin of which were planted two or three green rustic chairs. The beds were capriciously, yet orderly arranged, and teemed with a wilderness of flowers : the whole encompassed within an acre and a half, by a hedge of holly, that bade defiance to intruders. The daughters of Hesperides had not a more lovely spot, in his opinion. He felt himself in paradise.

But there was not a greater change in the ground than there was in the manners of Evan about this time. Before, he was satisfied with the character of being a good-natured man, but now he aspired to the honours of a wag. His conversation abounded with illustrations and comparisons drawn from the objects with which he was most familiar. He no longer said a thing was round, but bulbous shaped ; all foreign articles were exotics, and those of native growth or manufacture, indigenous ; modesty was called a lily, and beauty a rose ; height was figured by a holly-hock, gaiety by a tulip, worthlessness by thrift, feebleness by ivy, and firmness by an oak. The young he termed saplings, and the hearty evergreens. The liberal man he facetiously designated a seculant, while he applied there proachful epithet of sucker to the miser ; those who wanted leading were espaliers, the aspiring climbers, and the grovellers, creepers ; to the deficient in intellect he recommended grafting ; and where there was an exuberance, nothing in his estimation was better than pruning ; the spoiled had been reared in a hot-bed, and the delicate in a green house ; his opponents he threatened to hoe down, and his enemies to grub up, and when he had to compute time, he made liberal use of the terms annual, biennial, and perennial, which fashion of speaking gave to his conversation a quaint humour that was highly diverting and as highly relished by his visitors, of whom he had a great number. Thus passed agreeably ten

years of Evergreen's life, only varying the scene occasionally by paying visits to Bermondsey Spa, Bagnigge Wells, the Dog and Duck, and, though last not least in his regard, the Temple of Flora. I should not forget to mention here, that now and then he made a peregrination to Norwood and Richmond. His farthest journey in a long life, I have heard him say, was once to Windsor. Having accumulated what the citizens consider a respectable sum, he disposed of his business and quitted town once and for ever; but he retired with much experience in gardening and an improved taste. In the fittings up of his cottage, which was white, detached, and situate upon a rising ground, peeping above the forest of trees that surrounded it, like an egg in a salad, one could discover the handy-works of the same eccentric genius, that had displayed its fancy in the parish of St. Dunstan's in the East. In the interior all was green as before; the greatest alterations were the introduction of green Venetian blinds to the windows, and having his aviary transferred to the garden. Beside these, in the hall and passage, small trees were arranged at equal distances on either hand, and so trained as to intersect their branches over one's head. At the extremity of this grove, for so it appeared, were half a dozen stairs, leading to an ample landing, which by the assistance of the imagination might easily be converted into a terrace. Here a window looked out upon the gardens, the boundary of which seemed decorated by a golden fringe formed by a well dressed liburnum. In the centre of the cill was a green or bronze figure representing Flora holding a lamp; a slip of green Wilton, assisted by two more of oil cloth, one on each side, impressed with a pattern that had some resemblance to gravel, concealed the floor. The embellishments of the exterior varied little from his former residence; the only difference worth remarking, was the supplanting of the green troughs at the windows by green garden pots; and around the lower part of the house ran a platform elevated about three feet from the ground; this was crowded with garden pots, stocked with as many various kinds of flowers as there are days in the year. This platform was concealed by different species of creepers, among which the honey-suckle appeared pre-eminent, worming through some oilet holes left for the purpose, and climbing and fawning around his dining and drawing room windows. All the constituents of a garden were comprised in the spot that bounded his house. There were green-houses, and hot-houses, and streams, and lakes, and

fountains, and terraces, and cascades, and subterraneous passages that opened upon glades ; and there was a maze, and a hermitage, and a lofty alcove, the centre of which seemed supported by a huge American aloe ; this was Evan's retreat when he was in a musing mood. Beside all these, Evan had introduced leaden Chloes and Phillises and Daphnes, and in the more sequestered parts, to aid their natural impressiveness, were Diana and Apollo with several other sylvan effigies of consideration. In short, it was laid out in such style, that Repton need not have been ashamed to have taken to himself the credit of Evan Evergreen's. The only drawback that the most fastidious could adduce, was, that it was a little antiquated ; but take it altogether, every body agreed it was a very pretty concern. Here Evan laboured like old Laertes of Ithaca, and when it was hinted by some young village squires that he might find amusements rather more genteel and suitable to the rank his property conferred, honest Evan, shouldering his spade and standing a-straddle, demanded

“ When Adam delved and Eve span  
Where was then the gentleman ? ”

Evan, a little after this was seized with a conceit rather common to men in the decline of life ; he fancied that there had been a time when he could walk farther than he could do now, and with less fatigue to himself ; and to remedy this infirmity, whether real or imaginary, nothing would satisfy him but a horse and chaise. Having a strange aversion to danger, the chaise was more allied to a car than a phaeton, and his poney was as plump as a partridge, and as green as a gooseberry, add to which he was extremely sedate. In all these respects he was allied to Evan. Perhaps the reader has never seen a green horse,—no more had Evan,—but yet, by the dint of money, he obtained one. The fact is, that when he was informed that such a thing was a *lusus naturæ* as rare as a tortoise-shell tom cat, he was the more desirous to obtain it, and so they dyed him one. The harness matched the horse, and the chaise matched both ; that is, the whole was green : now when Evan was seated with his pea-green suit and whip, for he contended they were the best whips that were green, he seemed a green deity, or a deity of greens. The new purchase was found extremely convenient, and accordingly made good use of ; the squire, the rector, and the lord of the manor were visited over and over again ; and here we must do Evan the justice to say, that notwithstanding the out-of-the-way complexion of his ruling passion, wherever he went he was a favour-



ite with both old and young. But alas! Evan could not command the sun to stand still, and it had now careered over his head seventy-five summers, when Nature thought it time to give him a gentle hint that she was about removing from an earthly to a heavenly Eden, where every spirit is a perennial flower, basking eternally in the ineffable rays of the sun's great Creator. He received the summons with tolerable composure; but while playing his part in this most important scene of "life's eventful history," he would occasionally mutter in an under tone, "as I have lived green I should like to die green." The reader should know, that his disorder was the yellow jaundice, and all his life he had prayed to be carried off by the green sickness. But these peevish fits were only temporary, and did not prevent him from adjusting the manner of his funeral with the phlegm and precision of an undertaker. "Betty Green," says he,—this was his old domestic,—"Betty Green," says he, "you must superintend my funeral. I should like a green shroud, and a green coffin, with furniture of the same colour." "Alas! the day," sobbed Betty; but I am not writing Betty's history, so I shall not describe Betty's feelings. "Yes," says he, "a green coffin; and I should like a large nosegay pinned to the breast part of my shroud.—Be sure you don't forget the nosegay; if you do, I feel a conviction that my spirit will never rest in peace, and I shall haunt you. I intend to lie in state. Let the walls be hung with green; and be sure that the tapers are of green wax. I have left an emerald ring for the pall bearers (speaking of the pall, I should like that of green velvet), and mourners (their names will be found in my pocket book) provided they attend my body with green cloaks, gloves, and hat-bands. The place of my interment I wish to be under the cluster of weeping willows on the left of my favourite retreat, the lofty alcove; and as it will be the last enjoyment your poor master will have, take care that they bear him three times round his paradise below, and let my body be preceded by a Jack-in-the-Green. And Betty, I should not like the garden blurred with a monument, you will therefore only allow them to raise a neat mound over my remains, covered with a green sward, embellished from time to time with fresh flowers, and surrounded with ———" Evergreens, "he would have said," had not his honest soul taken its flight at the moment to that garden where it will for ever bloom.



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# **TECHNOLOGICAL DICTIONARY** **OR, FAMILIAR EXPLANATION**

**Of the Terms Used in all Arts and Sciences ;**

*Containing Definitions drawn from original Writers, and illustrated by  
 Plates, Diagrams, and Cuts :*

**BY GEORGE CRABBE, A. M.**

**AUTHOR OF ENGLISH SYNONYMS EXPLAINED.**

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ite with both old and young. But alas! Evan could not command the sun to stand still, and it had now careered over his head seventy-five summers, when Nature thought it time to give him a gentle hint that she was about removing from an earthly to a heavenly Eden, where every spirit is a perennial flower, basking eternally in the ineffable rays of the sun's great Creator. He received the summons with tolerable composure; but while playing his part in this most important scene of "life's eventful history," he would occasionally mutter in an under tone, "as I have lived green I should like to die green." The reader should know, that his disorder was the yellow jaundice, and all his life he had prayed to be carried off by the green sickness. But these peevish fits were only temporary, and did not prevent him from adjusting the manner of his funeral with the phlegm and precision of an undertaker. "Betty Green," says he,—this was his old domestic,—“Betty Green,” says he, “you must superintend my funeral. I should like a green shroud, and a green coffin, with furniture of the same colour.” “Alas! the day,” sobbed Betty; but I am not writing Betty's history, so I shall not describe Betty's feelings. “Yes,” says he, “a green coffin; and I should like a large nosegay pinned to the breast part of my shroud.—Be sure you don't forget the nosegay; if you do, I feel a conviction that my spirit will never rest in peace, and I shall haunt you. I intend to lie in state. Let the walls be hung with green; and be sure that the tapers are of green wax. I have left an emerald ring for the pall bearers (speaking of the pall, I should like that of green velvet), and mourners (their names will be found in my pocket book) provided they attend my body with green cloaks, gloves, and hat-bands. The place of my interment I wish to be under the cluster of weeping willows on the left of my favourite retreat, the lofty alcove; and as it will be the last enjoyment your poor master will have, take care that they bear him three times round his paradise below, and let my body be preceded by a Jack-in-the-Green. And Betty, I should not like the garden blurred with a monument, you will therefore only allow them to raise a neat mound over my remains, covered with a green sward, embellished over time to time with fresh flowers, and surrounded with ———” Evergreens, “he would have said,” had not his honest soul taken flight at the moment to that garden where it will for ever bloom.

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
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